CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. B., AND S. K. L., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1841. NO 1091.---VOL. XX.—NO. 51.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

HYMNS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

NO 3.

Tune—Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Hear, thou afflicted one, shrouded in sorrow,
What thy Creator saith, 'Banish thy fears,'
Dark though the night may be, joy on the morrow,
Rising refulgent, may dry up thy tears.

What, though in poverty pining neglected,
Scorched now with summer's heat, now pierced with cold,
Riches may yet be thine, be not dejected,
Riches far better than rubies or gold.

Wast, though infirmity, painful or weary,
Hold thee imprisoned long? cheer up thy heart;
Still may the promises, made to the weary,
Courage undying and vigor impart.

What, though in solitude destined to languish,
Severed from kindred dear, seen now no more?
God, who has taken them, feels for thine anguish;
He will not leave thee, till trials are o'er. S. W.

BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY.

It is the opinion of many writers, that there *is* no radical distinction between them, but that sublimity is merely the feeling of beauty heightened. This seems to me doubtful, even in material beauty; but in our present department, the occasions on which they arise are so different that they must be distinguished.

The emotion of moral beauty arises when there is a coincidence between the sense of duty and certain inferior principles of action. The emotion of moral sublimity is awakened, when the sense of duty is opposed by inclination, or affection, or by any or all the inferior principles of action, and triumphs over them. Its principle consists in a power of self-control and of self-sacrifice, in those cases in which they are difficult.

The illustration of this point will lead to a further confirmation of what was said in reference to moral beauty. No sight, for example, can be more beautiful than that of a family in which there is mutual attachment, and in which the performance of every duty is sweetened by affection. How beautiful is the assiduity of a child, who bears with every infirmity, and soothes every care, and anticipates every want, of a parent in sickness or in age! It is beautiful, but not sublime. The conduct of that young man, who labors hard and denies himself the ordinary pleasures of the young that he may support an aged mother, or add to her comfort, is highly beautiful; but natural affection co-operates with a sense of duty, and therefore it is not sublime. No one has ever considered as sublime the conduct of Æneas, when he bore his aged father upon his shoulders from the flames of Troy. But when the ancient Brutus, with a power that was supreme, sat in judgment on his own son who was accused of being a traitor, and when he gave the sign to the lictor to take him to execution, then there was a struggle, then inflexible justice triumphed over natural affection, and it was—not beautiful, it was too awful for that—but it was sublime. That act of our Savior, (if I may be permitted to refer to such a scene in this connexion,) by which he remembered his mother upon the cross and provided for her wants, was beautiful—how beautiful! His prayer for his murderers was sublime. It is, in general, acts of tenderness, gentleness, condescension, pity, gratitude, humanity, that are beautiful; while it is, on the other hand, acts of magnanimity, of fortitude, of inflexible justice, of high patriotism, and, on proper occasions, of contempt of danger and of death, that are sublime. In all these latter cases it will be seen that the principle is the same, and that the sublime emotion is awakened by virtuous self-control, in union with high resolve.

We hence see why it is that periods of difficulty, and oppression, and persecution, are favorable to the exhibition of the moral sublime. They test the amount of attachment to principle which there is among men, and the sacrifices which they are willing to make for it. Accordingly, it has been in such emergencies that men have arisen, who, under the inspiration of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, have been ready to go in the face of every danger, wherever their duty should call them; as Luther was determined to go to the diet of Worms, though he should find as many devils in that city as there were tiles upon the houses. These are the men, who, though they have been opposed, and vilified, and persecuted in their day, have yet received the homage of after ages; who have stood as the beacon-lights of the world, and whose names have been the watchword of those who have rallied and struck for the united reign of liberty and law. Such men have almost always been in advance of their age, and the people of that age have not comprehended them. They have reverenced the great men of former times; they have built the sepulchres of the prophets, but have persecuted those who were sent unto *them*. It is not therefore surprising that Seneca has spoken so largely of the benefits of adversity, as alone giving an opportunity for the display of the heroic virtues, and has said that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods.

For the Register and Observer.

THE WORLD GROWING MORALLY WORSE.

Is the world as a whole growing morally better? I am inclined to the sad belief that it is not. What nation or community has improved in its morals within the last few years? Can we find any? There may be some small detached communities and perhaps some nations or countries, but I am sorry to believe that the true recent moral history of the world would prove that it has been growing morally worse.

A late article in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine proves that crime has increased in Scotland very rapidly and is much greater now, in proportion to the population, than it was ten years since.

It may perhaps be said that this is owing to a bad system of laws or customs, to monopoly, or to the grinding of the face of the poor by the rich and other causes, and that it is not so in our own and other countries.

Admitting all this, and more, it does not alter the fact of moral degeneration in Scotland, and although not the same, yet other, and various causes may and do exist and operate against the morality of other nations and communities.

Let us look at our own country; has that advanced morally? Although I have not seen any statement, and do not know the true moral statistics of crime here, I am with pain constrained to believe that we have been growing morally worse. Is this true? if so, it is a truth of awful import, and one which should excite the attention of every Philanthropist and moralist and of every religious individual in our land, and awaken their latent energies, that they may rise up en masse, shake off this moral lethargy from our nation, and free the slaves to immorality by 'breaking the chains their passions and vices have so bound them in,' and causing them to stand forth in their native majesty. A true reverence for our nature, for its capabilities, its mighty powers and energies is necessary if we would accomplish this.

Among the reasons which lead me to the sad conclusion that we have been deteriorating in points of morals may be mentioned the growing disregard of the Sabbath and religious institutions; they are not respected as they once were; we look in vain for that pure and sanctified observance of the Sabbath which prevailed in the early years of our New England settlement. The Sabbath is now comparatively profaned. There is not that respect and reverence for, the Scriptures, nor that acquaintance with them, that our fathers, grand-fathers and great-grandfathers possessed; mingled although it may have been with an austere, a puritanical and orthodox interpretation of them, and a sanctimonious and even a bigoted regard and attention to them, I consider it much preferable to the late almost infidel light in which they are by many viewed, and by alas! by so many practically regarded, or rather disregarded.

The general complexion and character of our country is strongly shaded and marked with the art of *getting money*. We advance such physical sciences and improvements as will beget money, to the great neglect of the moral and religious feelings and principles of our nature. We are a generation of monomaniacy. *money* is our God, the idol of our souls. We go to Church ever, if at all on the Sabbath, to meditate upon and study how to obtain *money*. We seek it with a devotion and an affection bordering on insanity. We worship it with all that reverence due only to the Supreme Author of all good. We study how to reach and obtain it with the speed of the locomotive; and although the machinery which we put in operation may be capable of urging us forward with the utmost velocity, how often do we fail in reaching our end and aim, and by some sad catastrophe come to a full stop, and make shipwreck of all our hope. The steam may escape, and the machinery cease to operate, the rails may be badly laid, or undermined or covered up, or a bar be placed across them, so that the engine will come to a stop, run off the track, or turn a somerset, and if we are so fortunate as to be able to repair the injuries received, or replace our engine, pursue our journey, enter again upon the race, and even finally reach the objects of our pursuits, we do not feel that we have obtained the chief and true good; it eludes our grasp, we are miserable, we pant for something *more*, we are *greedy* of gain, *and the appetite eats it up*, it is a gangrene, a moral waste and destruction of the soul. We become a moral wreck, cast away, lost, shipwrecked, and imbedded in the bags of avarice and covetousness, and sunk in the mire through which we may have to pass, by the weight of sin and iniquity which has accumulated and bears so heavily upon us, and the want of that true principle, direction, aim and purpose, which should govern and propel the machinery by which we are making haste to be rich.

I should be rejoiced if it can be proved that the world as a whole is growing morally better; and I wish some of your learned correspondents, who are well acquainted with the moral statistics of the world, would give some information on the subject.

If it be true that the world is morally deteriorating, it is of the greatest possible importance that some way should be pointed out as a remedy. We want a moral 'brake,' to stop the progress of the wheels of the engine, which is hastening its way to death. It is of the greatest possible moment that something should be done to stop its downward course, and to give a new direction, and a different impulse to our moral natures. We were born for immortality. Let us aspire to fulfil the purposes of our existence, and not sink ourselves in moral degradation guilt and death, the death of the soul.

W. D. E.

EXPLANATION OF THE BAPTISMAL FORM OF WORDS.

Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in (into) the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The word *name*, by a Hebrew idiom, is often redundant. The phrases *name of God*, *name of the Lord*, frequently express nothing more than God, and Lord.

In other cases the *name* of any person signifies the *authority*, *or doctrine* of that person. 'I am come in my father's name,' that is, by the *authority* of my Father. St. Paul says, 'I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth,' that is, contrary to the *authority or doctrine* of Jesus of Nazareth.

It hence follows, that being 'baptized into the name' of any *person*, is the same as being baptized into the doctrine of that person, or into the person himself; and to be baptized into the name of a *thing*, is the same as being baptized into the thing itself. This is consistent with what is stated in other places. 'For as many of you as have *been baptized into Christ*, have put on Christ.' Gal. iii. 27. 'Know ye not, that so many of us as were *baptized into Jesus Christ*, *were baptized into his death?*' Rom. vi. 3. 'They were all *baptized unto* (*into*) *Moses* in the cloud.' I Cor. x. 2.

From these passages we must be convinced, that no argument can be derived from the text under consideration, in support of the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the godhead. To be baptized into the name of the Holy Spirit, does not imply, that this Spirit, is a person, any more than that *death* is a person, for the same reason. And if to be baptized into Christ be a proof, that he is equal with God, you may infer the same of Moses.

'To be baptized into the name of any person,' says Schleusner, 'signifies to profess, by the rite of baptism, a determination to be devoted to his doctrines, his authority and his institutions.' They, who 'were baptized into Moses in the cloud, and in the sea,' were such as professed to be his followers and yield to his authority. To be baptised into Christ, is to express an acknowledgment of his authority, and a resolution to obey his commands, and copy his example. When Paul expressed his fears, 'lest any should say, that he had baptized in his own name,' his meaning was, that none whom he baptized should consider themselves *his* disciples, but practical believers of the religion of Christ.

In other words, to be baptized into any person, or thing, is to make a public profession of faith in that person, or thing. Faith is the first requisite of a religious life. We cannot obey, till we believe; and if our faith be rational and sincere, we shall scarcely be wanting in obedience. One implies the other; so that to acknowledge a sincere faith in the Christian religion, by the ceremony of baptism, is the same, as promising to give heed to its precepts, and to conform in its practice.

Baptism was designed as a rite of initiation into the Christian church. To be baptized into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was to express a belief that God was the original author of the christian religion; that Christ was empowered by divine aid to publish it to the world; and that the influence of the Holy Spirit, or a divine agency, was manifest in the miraculous powers and gifts, which were exercised, both by our Savior and his disciples. It is easy to perceive for what reason this form of baptism was instituted. It comprises the three principal subjects of Christian faith. Whoever professes a sincere and rational belief in these, can give no firmer indication, as far as faith goes, that he is a Christian. There was a special, as well as a general reason, why the Holy Spirit should be connected with the other two. The enemies of Jesus, and of his religion, imputed the miracles, which he wrought, to a diabolical agency, and said, 'he casteth out demons by the prince of demons.' It was important, that such impressions should be done away as speedily and effectually as possible, and that his works should be referred to their true source, the power and influence of God. This end could easily be accomplished, by making it a part of the baptismal ceremony to acknowledge the operation of the Holy Spirit, or the immediate agency of God, in confirming the truths of the gospel. This is rendered the more probable, from the circumstance of there being no instance on record in which the whole form was used. Those persons, who had seen such wonderful effects of the Spirit, as to render it impossible for them to doubt of their true cause, were for this reason, perhaps, not baptized in the name of the Spirit. Whether this conjecture be correct or not, it is certain the apostles did not consider this form as absolutely essential, since it was not always, if ever, employed by them.

There is nothing, therefore, in the form itself, nor in the practice of the apostles, which can induce us to think, that because the Son and Spirit are mentioned in this connexion, we are to take them to be equal to the Father. If so important a doctrine were to be inculcated in this form of baptism, it certainly would not have been so uniformly omitted by the apostles. It is, also, to be noticed, that in the verse immediately preceding, Christ says, 'All power is GIVEN unto me in heaven, and in earth.' If he were God, it could never be said, that all his power was *given* to him; and this acknowledgment of his depeadence, in immediate connexion with the form of baptism, is another and an unanswerable proof, that no such doctrine can be deduced from it, as his equality with the Father.—*Hopkins.*

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER IN SOME THINGS.

But I am not one of those who believe that all sterling virtue or unbought kindness is dying out, because particular forms of hospitality and good feeling are passing away with the circumstances that kept them up. A few men, new settlers in the wilderness, surrounded by dangers and shut out from the rest of the world, cannot but be bound together more strongly than those who live safely in large communities. Yet there may not be more real kindness among them; and in many respects, with all my predilection for old things, I cannot help seeing great improvements not only in outward comforts but in traits of character. If there are fewer of the rude, uncultivated virtues, so also of the rude, uncultivated vices. There is a more refined intelligence, and a more refined appreciation of what is due to man as a spiritual being. Our sympathies, if less strong in our immediate neighborhood, are more extended, and embrace whole classes of persons that were formerly shut out. Drunkenness is no longer a matter of sport as it formerly was, even with good men, and the insane are no longer viewed as outcasts from the human family. The awful features of religion have been softened down, and its ministers are more the cheerful companions and instructors of men. Death is viewed with different eyes; the graveyard is not so fearful a place; and the whole race of superstitious terrors that veiled everything spiritual in gloom have disappeared. If there be more open infidelity, there is more also of a cheerful religious hope.—*Monthly Miscellany.*

HOPE AND COURAGE.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself,—its own integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the fatal of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and thus is doubly the giver and preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is—as well in social and domestic as in public affairs—and by what means it may best be sustained.

COUNTRY, KINDRED AND FREEDOM.

Wherever, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the first affections, there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert sands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou must love that land for ever: for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it it must abide in thy inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream, no barren imagination; but in her dwell thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live according to the customs and fashions and laws of thy fathers; where that, which rejoiced their hearts, rejoices thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee at his will, as cattle at the will of the driver.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom) that a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.

TRIFLES.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world, vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast. Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good; for a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth: the walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening, hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes. Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial; and it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in trifles. All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the material; neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms. Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy pleasure in trifles, and beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging to fret thee. Thou art wise if thou regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered, and therefore observest all things that happen unto thee or unto others. The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a needle; and the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought. The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness; and the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains. A fool regardeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself; a wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool. He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss; but he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand: for the Ancient of Days noteth in his book the idle converse of a creature, and happy and wise is the man to whose thinking existeth not a trifle.—*Prov. Philosophy.*

WHO IS THE GREATEST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN?

The question, as to who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, shows that the disciples, under that name, were still reckoning on dominion and authority, such as prevails in this world. But Christ meant, by that kingdom, the reign of grace and holiness in the heart, the reign of righteousness, that should begin on earth, and endure in heaven for ever. In order further to make this clear, and at the same time to show the vanity of the question proposed, He 'called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.' He then solemnly declared it necessary, for us to be so changed, as to become like little children, ere we can enter into the kingdom of heaven at all; and added that he should be therein deemed greatest, who should here most humble himself like that little child.

It was of precedency in the kingdom of heaven that the apostles disputed. We ask perhaps more commonly, who is greatest in the kingdom of earth? We inquire, who is most wealthy, most exalted in rank? We desire to have the pre-eminence over each other, in honor, or place, or condition. Even to such questionings as these, we may apply the answer of Christ. We may learn from it the vanity of all earthly ambition. We may see in it that pride, be the matter what it may we would be proud of, does but degrade us in the true judgment of God, and that 'before honor is humility.'

But chiefly is this true in regard to spiritual attainments, in regard to the kingdom of heaven, in regard to faith, and hope, and charity, in regard to that crown of glory, and those many mansions in our Father's house, which are provided for them that love Him. Of these things, we must with shame confess, it is not uncommon for Christians to be proud. In these things it is indeed well that we desire to be the first. But, let us remember, if we would really be so, we must here deem ourselves, behave ourselves, as the last. A little child must be our pattern. To be converted, and to become as little children, must be our rule. Has an infant wealth? He is unaware of its value. Has he rank? He has no sense of its distinction. Has he the gift of more than common ability? He is unconscious of its pre-eminence. Has he a more than common share of that grace, which is, we trust, even in infancy effectually conferred on such as are brought with faith, through baptism, to Christ? Still does he run no risk of being exalted above measure; for he knows not the Spirit that is in him. So also whatever gifts of grace we may trust we have received of God, we must feel in point of pride as if we knew not of them. We must be converted, that is, changed, into this child-like temper, to know nothing of ourselves but our own wants and weakness, to look for nothing, but the least and lowest place, in our heavenly Father's house.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

When a man defers the labor and duty of repentance from day to day and from year to year, he little thinks how he is arming with new means of resistance the foe, with whom he still purposes one day to contend. When a man simply postpones his more religious purposes, when, living a life of religious indifference and insensibility, he yet determines at some future time to rouse up to the love of virtue and excellence, and aspire after a meetness to the children of God, and in the mean time plods on in the same old way of religious apathy and unconcern, waiting for a convenient season, he too little considers that by the course he takes, every day resolving, and every day breaking his resolutions, he is hardening his heart and blunting his sensibilities, so that by the time old age arrives he will find himself wholly indisposed to, as well as incapable of, the long deferred duty. But however little these things may be considered, they are fatally true, and in this view the danger of delay cannot be overrated. He who thus reckons on to-morrow is treasuring up for himself inevitable and bitter disappointment; he is relying on that which will deceive him with the treachery of a rotten staff. He who imagines that the future will find him better disposed to do a disagreeable and painful duty than the present, is like one, who thinks that the pain of an amputation will be less to-morrow than to-day, and so defers it, while the disease gathers head by the delay. What reason can the sinner find to convince him, that sin will grow more hateful when the sun has once risen and set, or has done so twenty times, than it is now? And what shall occur to-morrow to give vigor to those resolves, which to-day are weaker than the purposes of a child? Only let him for one moment remember the past and its experiences, its long series of irresolute acts and transient resolutions, and he will feel that all such reliances on the future are delusions to lure him on in the way that leadeth unto death. He will feel that the sinful habits, which youth rooted deep in the soul, are not so easily thrown off and subdued. Alas! what habits are like those of sin, for strength? what bonds like the bonds of sensual indulgence? what fetters and manacles like the soft and silken ones of pleasure! Who is known to escape from them, that has lain bound a willing slave, drunk in pleasure, dissolved in effeminacy, till age has once crept over his frame and sent its feebleness into the mind? What to-morrow of hope is there to such a one? He may indeed weep and bemoan his sad captivity, and wish in his heart that he were free; but his moral force is all gone out of him, and while he loathes and detests them, he hugs the chains that bind him, and twines them round and round his disho rable limbs. And though by a mad and desperate effort, in the sudden energy of a virtuous purpose, he may for an instant leap clear of his shackles, he is soon seen, the fire of sin unquenched in his eye, posting back to the beloved haunts of forbidden joys, and fitting to his limbs one by one the fetters he had so lately broken in pieces. Consider the drunkard, the sensualist, the debauchee, look into their lives, and confess that their progress and their fate are like this. Where shall we search for the reformed rake, the reclaimed libertine, the cleansed and purified sot? Who has found their tastes to be refined and exalted by age? When has it happened, that, oppressed by the imbecilities of a premature old age, they have then taken upon themselves the toils of virtue and died its sincere votaries? Let us believe then, if we are content to abide by the truth, that the task which we have to perform increases in difficulty with the degree in which we postpone it, that sin gathers strength and winds about us its cords the closer, the longer we continue in her service, that the life of religion appears the more irksome and hateful the longer we hesitate to begin it, and if old age still find us in sin, that the duties of that life will become impracticable. To-day, then, if ye will hear the voice that cries to you, harden not your hearts; but open them, lay them bare to the influences of the Gospel.

A FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.

I cannot refrain from repeating a fact, at which I have before hinted, that every text, which I have examined, has been interpreted, by some one or more of the ablest trinitarian critics, in a manner perfectly consistent with the unitarian exposition. This fact should teach some persons to urge with more gentleness the charge, which is often brought against unitarians, of attempting to put a forced construction on such texts of scripture, as do not seem at first to harmonize with their sentiments. The meaning of some of the most difficult passages is to be settled by fair and patient criticism, in which learning, judgment, and candor, are the only guides that can be trusted. These may be exercised by persons of one religious denomination, as well as of another; and we show but little regard for the cause of truth, when we suffer our prejudices, and zeal for a party, to blind our eyes to the light, which judicious inquiries of learned men, whatever may have been their private opinions, have thrown upon the scriptures. By neglecting to be informed, and refusing to inquire, we not only manifest a love of ignorance, but a fear, that our faith is of too flimsy a texture to bear a close examination.

If we place any value in religious attainments, in a knowledge of God and of our duty, we shall eagerly seize upon every means in our power, to come at the revealed truths of scripture. Truth in religion, as in every thing else, is known by its simplicity; error involves in us perplexities, fills us with doubt, and leaves us in despair. Truth is luminous; it sends forth a steady light. Error is dark, and spreads darkness around it. Truth is the guide to virtue; it is attended with harmony and peace. Error opens a broad way to vice, and draws the heedless and unsuspecting into its snares. We should remember, nevertheless, that opinions are important, as far as they influence the conduct, and no farther. A correct faith will make no amends for a bad life. Faith is not religion, any more than opinions are actions. To be religious we must have faith; to act rightly, we must think rightly; and yet, we may have faith and no religion, as we may think and never act.

MAN'S DESTINY.

But man is higher than his dwelling-place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, as pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world glided with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.

So the inhabitants of polar regions look into the long night in which there is no sun-rise; but at midnight he sees a light like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming on the highest mountain top—and he thinks of the long summer in which it never sets.

SUNSET.

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars—out of every wood ascends a chorus—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops; and fall upon the gay, gem like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a deal gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering brest of the tremulous lark—the evening bell of nature.

THANKSGIVING.

That the annual autumnal Thanksgiving has always been observed, however near or frequent, may have been other special celebrations in the course of the year, and the propriety of it, we find strikingly set forth in the following beautiful passage in an interesting account of Thanksgiving in the last Miscellany.

'We may assume, then, confidently the conclusion, that for upwards of a century and a half the celebration that we at present observe has been an established practice in the land. It has been kept up through the darkest periods of peril and distress, as if to show that there was always something to give thanks for; and it was never omitted, however frequent and however near to it might have been other demonstrations of general praise and rejoicing. In the summer of 1710 there came up a message from the representatives, say the records of the Court, 'that a day of public thanksgiving might be speedily appointed for the obtaining of rain after an extreme drought; as also for the arrival of her Majesty's forces from Great Britain.' A proclamation was drawn up accordingly; but this did not prevent, or even retard, the usual ceremony after the harvest was ended Several other instances occurred of a like kind, proving how firmly the occasion was settled in the affections of the people. Of these we may cite at length an example, that deserves attention for the jubilant tone in which the announcement is made. When the news came of the fall of Quebec, in October, 1759, 'it was advised that the General Court now sitting do on Tuesday next meet together, to unite in public thanksgiving for divine goodness; that they assemble in the Old South church for the purpose; and that the Rev. Dr Sewall be desired to offer up the public prayers and thanks to

Almighty God, and that the Rev. Mr Cooper, chaplain to his Excellency and the two houses, be desired to preach a sermon on the occasion; and that the Court dine together at Faneuil Hall after the service is over, and meet in the Council Chamber in the evening to drink the King's health. And further advised, that next Thursday come sen'night be appointed as a day of thanksgiving on the occasion.' All this excitement did not interfere with the regular going on of the harvest-festival. Again in October, 1760, for the reduction of Canada, and in October again, 1762, for the conquest of 'Martinico, and the Havanna,' there was a general religious rejoicing; but in each instance the political service was kept separate from the purely religious one, which followed on in its proper place, though but a few weeks' distance. This deserves not merely to be mentioned in passing, but to be reflected on. The people seemed to attach more importance to the stated observance that their fathers had rejoiced in, and the steady blessings that it commemorated, than to any temporary occasion of success. And in this they were right. They judged with an almost prophetic forecast. Events have strikingly proved it so; and although they had not, there is always something divine in preferring what is constant to what floats upon chance and change. Havanna has gone back to the Spaniards, and Martinique—after more than one conquest—to the French; and of how much consequence is it to us now, whether the hand of England or of France supports its show of authority on the banks of the St. Lawrence? Was it not of far greater moment, that the men of these rising States were kept from being starved? Was not the action of the steady sun upon the all-producing earth a greater blessing than the flaunting of a triumphal flag, whether it were planted on one island or another,—whether it were gilt with the blazonry of St. Louis or St. Jago or St. George? Yes, it was so. The certainties of the divine goodness are nobler and better than the fickle influences of human passion.

The time soon came, when those thank-offerings were no longer rendered for foreign triumphs, but for our own successes and independence. These where greater things. But even these we should not confound with the splendid victories of the sun and of Providence. Nor should we postpone for them, or put below them, a single heart-felt acknowledgment of that universal and multiform bounty, which blesses every tribe of the earth; beaming in the light, and dropping in the rain and springing from the grateful ground. Not that there are not greater things than material nature. Not that the political interests of a community are not more precious than shocks of corn. But nothing should be allowed to interfere with our peculiar tribute of thanks for that goodness in the year which visits all lands and races and generations, dispensing 'food and gladness.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 18, 1841.

DISHONESTY PREVAILING. MORE INTEGRITY WANTED.

We have inserted, on our first page, a communication from one of our correspondents, on the increase of crime and the progress of moral degeneracy. We should be loth to believe that the world, as a whole, is growing worse. We do not believe it. We have too much faith in God and man, too much confidence in the power of the Gospel, and in the claim which it asserts to ultimate universal dominion, not to cling to the idea of a gradual advancement of mankind in knowledge, virtue, comfort, happiness. Still it must be confessed that the record of society, of life and conduct, as exhibited in the thousand sheets of daily news that issue from the public press, presents anything but an agreeable or flattering aspect,—especially upon the subject of moral integrity, uprightness, honesty. It has been said, that integrity is among the virtues what the diamond is among precious stones,—the more it is examined, the more does its lustre and its worth appear. It may now, in this country at least, be compared to the diamond in another respect. It is as *rare* as it is valuable and brilliant. Of both there are counterfeits, easily made, which sometimes deceive even their possessors, and for a long time impose upon others. Genuine, inflexible integrity, like the real diamond, is difficult to be found, is rarely to be met. We are not uttering scandal, or a libel, unless the truth be a libel. The commercial, and the political so far as connected with the commercial history of this country for the last ten years, presents a long black catalogue of facts, which sustain what we have said, and make one blush for his country and his countrymen. How many instances of high-handed cheating and dishonesty, how many accounts of forgeries and swindling operations of one kind or another, could we collect from the newspapers in the course of a single month, if we chose to make such a sad and humiliating collection. How many stupendous and utterly unprincipled frauds have been committed by individuals, by copartnerships, by large and extensive monied institutions,—frauds by which the savings of many a frugal and industrious life, relied upon as a means of support and comfort under the infirmities of advancing age, have been scattered to the winds, and their innocent and unfortunate possessors left to an old age of penury and toil. And so common have these become, so customary and constant, almost, have become the announcements of something of this sort in every paper we take up, that they make no impression. The public conscience seems to be asleep, in a profound and lamentable stupor upon this great subject of integrity, honesty between man and man. A fearful, moral lethargy seems to be gathering over the nation, and it is the duty of every man to do and say what he can to resist and shake it off. It is a time for every man to arouse himself, to arouse his neighbor, and to do what he can to quicken the public conscience, to give a voice to public opinion, and let it sound through the land in thunders, that shall stay the hands of the unprincipled and dishonest, else the honor and the fair fame of our country among the nations will be lost. We have once already been stigmatized as 'a nation of drunkards,' and that stigma is happily fast being falsified. But unless the progress of individual and public dishonesty be checked among us, we shall ere long be stigmatized as 'a nation of sharpers' who 'do wrong and defraud our neighbor.' Integrity in the individual and in the community is of essential importance. Wanting this, no character, no assemblage of other virtues can secure confidence, or command respect. It is the integrity, the unchangeableness of God, that makes him the object of our reverence and trust. Could we not rely upon his promises, upon his unchangeableness in respect to the modes of his action and the principles of his government, He would cease to be God to us. He would no longer inspire us with reverence and confidence. And men, as individuals and communities, become objects of reverence, respect and confidence, just in proportion as we can rely upon their integrity. As we value the peace and honor of our country, let us remember that righteousness, and righteousness alone, exalteth a nation. Let us do what we can to make this righteousness abound more and more. Let us be honest and high-principled ourselves, let us endeavor by our influence and example to make others honest and high-principled.

For the Register and Observer.

THE BED OF DEATH.

Here lies upon my table one little note of five lines long, which has more meaning than the whole pile of letters besides. It is a simple announciation respecting one that I loved,—'She has gone to her sister.' What a world of affecting and sacred recollections are comprised in that short sentence! The sister has long been in heaven, and we have learned to think and speak of her for many years as we should of a native of the skies, who had never been upon the earth except when she made us a brief visit to sing us the songs of angels. The other has staid behind, to reach the full maturity of womanhood, to bind herself to each by the multiplying cares, loves and trials that flow in upon the wife and mother, and now is summoned hastily away from all. What a breaking of hearts there is, at such a removal! What a darkness is left when such a light goes out, at the fireside, and a flock of little children wander through the darkened rooms, weeping for the loss which they *feel*, but none can fully *know!* For if faith has had her home there, and piety kept her altar burning, it is not all darkness; it is not all tears. The one that seems to be lost, has but gone up to a higher mansion, and our hearts follow her thither partaking in some measure of her rejoicing at being taken home. We say, 'she is at peace; for God hath proved her, and found her worthy of himself.' And so there is peace, to us, even in the midst of mourning.

Thus it is here. I knew her from her childhood. I witnessed the growth of her character, I pursued the development of her mind and heart, I saw how dear she was by her sweetness and fidelity, and how she always moved toward heaven, leaning on God in faith, hope and love. Death could not find her unprepared. She met him with a smile. She went to her last sleep with a song upon her lips. We could fancy that the voice, which had so long and often charmed us with its sacred hymns upon earth, was already touched with a sweeter tone as it came so near to the voices of the celestial choir that awaited her. What an elevating and soothing moment was that, when, just as the evening twilight came on and the company of mourning friends were watching the departure of the last few sands, her voice rose up from the silence of the dying bed, and she sang *her* evening hymn:—

'Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

When for me the light of day
Shall on earth be passed away,
Then from sin and sorrow free
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.'

The terror is taken away when death comes thus. The place is holy ground, and praise becomes more appropriate than lamentation. Thanks be to God who giveth to his children this power to triumph in the dreadful hour. Thanks for this victory through the Lord Jesus Christ. Who can sufficiently estimate the privilege of thus consistently closing a consistent life? A happy death may not of itself prove anything, for it has sometimes been the lot of those whose living testimony to the truth was nought; and sometimes the most exemplary believers have left the world in darkness and disquiet. But when it pleases God to crown a life of Christian faithfulness with a death of Christian peace, and to complete the full testimony of health and prosperity with the accordant testimony of sickness and decay, then we have reason to praise him as for a special boon, and to put new trust in the faith which overcomes the world.

It seems almost strange that at a moment when we are so exalted by the triumph of the soul over the body, we should yet care where or how the poor body is laid. But even the dust that we love is sacred to our feeling—the more so, because honored as the abode of a sainted spirit. Therefore it is pleasant to feel that it shall repose amid the beauty and silence of Mount Auburn; and that it shall be borne thither at this season when the falling leaves and the general decay are in so solemn harmony with our feelings.

For not unmeet it is that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should slumber with the flowers.

For the Register and Observer

'The time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If Life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an hour!'
Henry 4th. V. 2.

But a few days have passed since I held in my hand the head of a young Indian girl, whose body has been preserved, perhaps for centuries, in the nitrous soil of one of the Western States. The skull was more finely developed than those of her race in more modern times, and as I turned it over and over, looking at the shrivelled mass of what had once been flesh, and listening to the low rattle of the shrunken brain, it seemed impossible to believe, that it had ever felt and thought, loved, hated, hoped like us. It brought before me, more forcibly than the mere skeleton, the fact of my mortality. The undecaying bone with its proofs of mechanical contrivance, its ligatures, its nice adjustment to its place in a system, teaches a majestic lesson, touches the heart by its immediate reference to God and the passing home of the spirit that once tenanted it. But in the form before me, all that was beautiful in the arrangement of the parts was shrouded, and the eye rested on features still covered with the muscles which had played and the skin which had glowed with the warm activity of health. She had once been, perhaps, the centre of loving hearts. Cradled in the branches of her native forest, lulled by the music of nature, she had grown up, giving her soul's deep purpose, and her hands ready energy, to be the helpmeet of some stout armed brave of her tribe. But while her love was yet a dream, her young head sank beneath the cypress,—and little thought they, who bore her to that resting place, that her stiffened lips should one day, in a far distant land, speak earnestly to the daughter of the white man. I turned from them with a loathing shudder, and sought the smile of the living that I might forget, for a time, the teaching of the dead. I passed among a joyous throng—I saw beauty and grace and sportive wit, strewing flowers in the path of honorable rank. I saw radiant brows bound about with jewels, and dark eyes growing brighter and gladder, as they rested on the glancing of brilliant uniforms and softly colored robes. I saw long galleries and noble halls, with rich hangings and carpeted lest the footfall of the hours should betray their passing. And I heard soft music, which so beguiled the ear as it would drown the voice of death. I was glad to mingle in this crowd, to gaze untiring upon the most beautiful aspect of the world's stiff conventions and hollow delights,—but what else did I see? I saw a youthful woman, not like her whom I had left with the unconscious dead, but one whose cheeks still dimpled, whose smile still warmed, and the rich light of whose coursing blood broke, now merrily and anon with a deeper meaning, from her full eye. Many saw her beside, and offered, as to an idol, the incense of their flatteries, low spoken words, and glances, that gave back her own. One stood by her, whose happiness was bound up with hers, to whom she had promised, and the [illegible] He was ill, but she heeded it not,—he spoke, but the murmur of many voices was in her ear, and his could not force its way. The falsehood of the hour was enough for her, and I saw that when this cup had passed, the blush would no longer mantle her brow, the smile no longer dimple her cheek with its gracefulness. And this, also, was one, who had a heart to throb, a head to think, like mine, and a voice within to speak to her of the highest monitions of duty! There too, was death loathsome to me, but joining hands with the fairest and creeping to the embrace of the youngest who were there. And when once more I turned away, it was with a sigh in the half faith that within ourselves we carried the power of spiritual annihilation. And are there not many times when it seems to us, as if voluntary disobedience were the spirit's death blow? Have we never never seen those, who live in apparent joyousness, as if to-day were all of life, and the losing of a jewel or the rending of a flower the sorest evil in it? and who die as if the damp sweat upon the brow, and the chill lurking in the limbs were all of death? Philosophers have told us that the dance is an allegory of love. As I have watched it, I have thought that it might be an allegory of life, and wished that I might put faith in the Divine promise, that the 'balance' of character should one day restore all to their right places.

Once more the scene was changed. Morning was come and the church bell rang a joyous summons to its service. A nation gave thanks for the incoming of its harvests, and the rich measures of God's other blessings. On such a day the eye should drink in only the *life* of the world, its innocent, unshackled life—but purposely I went aside from this and sought the home of sin. It was to see an aged woman and a young child, not to check a youthful indiscretion, but to be confounded by ripened iniquity, not to see evil shrinking from the dayspring, but bold transgression braving the light. For a long course of years this woman had been the victim of the most degrading vices. So entirely had she repressed the yearnings of her nature, so fully was her heart polluted, that to her there was *no* sacred thing. The unconsciousness of childhood, the innocence of youth, the hope and piety of maturer years, the gracefulness of peaceful age the teaching of Jesus, and the name of God, were alike but toys for the pleasure of her unsatisfied and restlessguilt, temptations to her malice or sanctions to her curse. I knew this, and I went to keep alive, in the heart of the child, some remembrance of the great Being, who was perhaps never again to be so near to her as now, to fan the quivering flame of her devotion, and to give her, if I might, new strength with which to suffer the abuses and indignities of the only being, who had any claim upon her heart. I have said that this woman paid no regard to the rights of her own soul, or the claims of others, that she took no pains to conceal her many infractions of the moral law; and yet while I talked with the child, her voice joined mine, giving evidence of a perfect knowledge of that law, and of many early advantages which I had not suspected. Lips, which never breathed a word of love, echoed the parting words of Jesus, and the heart which should have writhed under the rebuke of his simplest utterance, seemed proud to show how calmly it could speak the curses falling on itself. She was as wise in her duty as I, and if you did but ask her, would not admit that she had swerved from it. Human rebuke availed her not, and had she not deserved herself the chastening of God? Here was death—Even as I turned away that child heard the oath tremble on her lips, and saw her withered hand stretched out for the intoxicating cup! I longed to carry her into the light of a consistent and noble life, to show her that the character, which she regarded with incredulous wonder, was a possible thing! The death of the body, the death of the affections, the death of the moral nature—how the first startles us with its deformity—how the second stares us in the face at every corner—like the scull and the cross-bones on the ancient altar, feeding its fancied beauty with our smiles—how the last moves us to scorn, and the careful gathering up of our phylacteries, lest we too share the pollution which is not from without!

C. W. H.

VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATIONS.

A Sermon on this subject, by the Rev. Dura D. Pratt, of Nashua, has recently been published at the request of the First Baptist Church in that town, before which it was delivered. It is written in a vigorous style, in words often strikingly strong and fitly chosen, and breathes a manly and independent spirit. The sermon is principally devoted to the consideration of the evils and abuses of voluntary associations, and is, in effect, a plea in behalf of quiet, individual goodness and piety. Some may think his views rather one-sided, and his language and sentiments occasionally a little too unqualified. There is, however, much of 'truth and soberness' in his words, much of just and discriminating observation in the thoughts he has presented, to which it may be well for all to give heed. The representations in the following extracts are strong and highly colored, but his experience has been limitted, who has never seen a striking likeness to the picture here given.

'These unauthorized associations occupy much valuable time. It is a question whether it cannot be better employed. Many of the professed ministers of the gospel are in whole, or in part, engaged as agents, lecturers, secretaries, editors and directors. Some of them spend all their time, others most of it, in going from place to place, up and down in the earth, not as missionaries where there is no preacher of the word, but where there are settled ministers, to see if they are training the people on their favorite theme, and whether there is not an opportunity for them to revolutionize public sentiment, and obtain more subscribers to certain party newspapers, that many of these associations have in abundance; and last, though not least, to take collections and subscriptions to pay the agents and other heavy bills; and the more to swell the subscription list for papers, or for money, the various benevolent labors in which the good people are engaged already, are treated with sly suspicions, or the open scorn of contempt! Thus we have seen it with this class of societies. They have also so little confidence in each other, that from the course they pursue, it seems fair to suppose that either one would consider it a duty to subjugate the interests of all the others to itself! Their agents frequently make insinuations and direct attacks, not only on kindred institutions, or some of the individuals composing them, but on all others. The tendency of this is to bring into disrepute some of the most venerable and scriptural ways of doing good. And the multiplication of these societies, endlessly, almost, confuses and distracts the mind, and scatters and paralyzes the energies of the benevolent. So many and so great are the calls, and so fast are they multiplying, and so uncalled for are some of them, and so mischievous are others, that many good and benevolent men are in a strait;—some are in danger of losing all patience, so as unfortunately to take a stand against all public benevolence. A deep and widely extended prejudice, now exists, occasioned, I believe, very much, by the class of societies we are considering. There are those, to be sure, who tell us that the contrary is the fact—that these societies, their agents and papers, are the occasion of nearly all the good that is done in the world. But, to quite an extent, these are men, who reverse every prudent maxim. They never fear having too many irons in the fire. These men aspire to the management of our public affairs. But their course tends to embarrass the good, and to prejudice the uninformed against every thing of a serious nature. One head, or more, of their addresses and lectures, consists in strictures upon, and censures of those individual Christians and churches who are supposed to entertain different views from themselves. Now all this is a gross and flagrant violation of that charity that thinketh no evil; its tendency is to break down and destroy that portion of respect that things sacred yet retain in the community. It is true, that all do not possess and carry out this spirit, and it is also true, that many, in all these societies, disapprove this in their agents; but it is also true, that too large a proportion do sanction it, and that enough exhibit it to produce incalculable mischief. It is painful to see with what freedom and rancor, ignorant and aspiring reformers, 'desiring to be teachers of the law, yet understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm,' many of them mere youths, knowing but little of human nature, the world, or the gospel, will attack and abuse aged clergymen and Christian churches, not to say 'the ruler of thy people!' Frequently those men who have been laboring most conscientiously and devotedly in the cause of Christ, and of humanity in general, for many years, without leaving even a spot on their moral character, just because they do not consider it their duty to join a particular society, and do the bidding of those in whom, perhaps, they have not the fullest confidence, as to their wisdom or integrity, are represented by partizan papers, lecturers, and others who believe them, as opposed, for instance, to the cause of temperance, and moral reform, and in favor of negro slavery! Now all this is not only a violation of that charity that thinketh no evil, but it sets at naught that apostolic injunction, which is, '*lie* not one to another.' It also violates that one of the ten commandments, which says, 'thou shalt not bear *false* witness against thy neighbor.'

'Those non-conformists, who are the special subjects of stricture and rebuke, are regularly attacked with devouring greediness, by the agents and organs of every new faction, and by all in the community that these can possibly enlist; so that they have been most appropriately likened to every green thing in the time of the Prophet Joel.'

'That which the palmer worm hath left, hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker worm eaten, and that which the canker worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten,' so among them all, those people who would mind their own business, come very near being eaten up!' * * *

It is frequently the case that these associations are under the influence, considerably, if not the full control, of persons of not only doubtful piety, but of very questionable morality, whose ulterior object may be power, interest, or something else no better. Some of these ambitious and aspiring spirits, may be seen, from time to time, leading honest and confiding clergymen, and their unsuspecting flocks, into one scheme after another of doubtful policy, and resolutionising in a most threatening manner, all others who choose not to become the supple tools of heated partizans, but dare to do their own business in their own way, accountable to the proper tribunals for the results.

These bodies, under such influence, take it upon themselves to execute justice and judgment in a very summary manner They do not leave it to the constituted authorities to inflict pains and penalties, this would be too slow a process for so good an object.

Such associations, under the influence of such leaders, are in danger of setting at defiance all accountability. They have no idea that men whose reforming and monopolizing schemes produce every thing good, morally, intellectually, and physically, are to stop short of accomplishing the work. If individuals are in the way, they must be removed or broken down.

'If churches do not obey their mandate, they must be divided by some foreign question, and conquered; and the better to accomplish the work, when it is possible, they must be made the instruments of their own downfall. Their church, prayer, and conference meetings are all seized as fitting opportunities, not to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the laws of Christ—not to pray with and for each other, and so promote Christian confidence, enjoyment and hope—not to support the weak and comfort the feeble minded, and edify each other in love; but to discuss questions of an agitating nature, and extraneous to their church, and the objects of such convocations—and to adopt abstract theories, to insist on doing that, respecting the nature or manner of which, equally good and pious people have an honest difference of opinion. During this time, brotherly love abates—piety declines—hard feelings are engendered—tender consciences are wounded—parties are formed—the difficulty becomes the all-absorbing topic of conversation—criminations and recriminations follow—the members bite and devour one another—the religious society dwindles—the cause of Christ is retrogade—the means of grace are crippled—the affairs of the church not settled up—all lie in the most confused and dangerous condition—the minister, if he be a quiet and peaceable Christian, especially if he lack lion-like courage and fortitude, is probably dismissed and gone, and ten to one, without all his just due; or what is still worse, if such is not his character, possibly he just holds on for the present, and heads one of the parties in stirring up strife in Zion, under the sad mistake that the dogmas of the association, advocated by some travelling agent or wandering newspaper, are to be entertained, and conformity in the church required, at whatever hazard! Practical godliness becomes a mere name; holy men and angels weep; and what is gained? Why, perhaps the agent and his party obtain a temporary, spasmodic victory. But O, the price! My soul, come not thou into their secrets, and unto their assembly, mine honor be thou not united.'

INDIVIDUAL STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

In a report in the Brooklyn Daily News of a lecture recentry delivered in that city, by the Rev. Dr Seabury of New York, on the Holy Catholic Church, its perpetuity and freedom from essential error, &c., the Dr is represented as saying that

'The promise and the gift of the Holy Ghost *do not belong to us individually* apart from the church, but to the church. He then who takes the Bible to find out for himself a faith as he understands it and desires it, opens the fountain of crime, discord and error. They never can succeed, for they proceed not in the way, which God has appointed and which he has promised to bless. The Scripture is the rule of faith, but it is the rule of faith to the church, and to individuals through the church.'

We had supposed this to be the theory of the Catholic Church, but we have never before seen it stated so badly and boldly. We hope for the honor of the Catholic Church, which numbers within its fold in this country many for whom we cherish a high regard, that the reporter has not been literally correct in giving us the words of the Rev. preacher. 'The Bible a fountain of *crime*, discord and error, to every individual who opens it to find out a faith for himself! What worse can be said of any book? What worse has any Deist, infidel or scoffer ever said of it. We had supposed the theory of the Catholic Church to be that the Bible was not a *sufficient* rule of faith and practice; but does it in this age of the world, proclaim and maintain that it is no guide, an unsafe and dangerous guide, a fountain of crime, discord and error to the individual who opens it?—It is 'the rule of faith, but the rule of faith to the church, and to the individual through the church.'—But how does the church find out what it teaches? *The* church can't read. The church is not the Holy father at Rome, nor the College of Cardinals, nor a Bishop here and there. The Church is the great body of disciples. The theory of the Catholic Church is that this great body of disciples, assembled by delegates in general council, have, may, and can determine what is saving faith, the holy catholic faith. But if no individual of the body thus assembled has done, what it is here declared no individual can do without opening a fountain of crime, discord and error, viz., studied the Bible with a view to understand it and interpret aright, how is this body of disciples or *the* church to know what it teaches? Truly, we think here is a fountain of error in this idea. The Bible is addressed to the individual mind and conscience. It expressly enjoins it upon every man 'to be fully pursuaded in his own mind' and assures him that 'every man shall give account of himself to God.'

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Man a Soul; or the inward and the experimental Evidences of Christianity. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 1842.

This little book treats upon topics of the greatest moment, and bears on every page indications that the writer, while composing it, was imbued with the spirit of a deep, fervent piety and of a charity at once far reaching and affectionate. He seems to have had particularly in view a class of minds, alienated to such a degree, by a wrong education or other causes, from religion, as to require for their conversion, not so much, in the first instance, a statement in detail of the common external evidences of Christianity, as an earnest appeal in behalf of those capacities, powers, and natural sentiments of the soul itself, which fit man for, or furnish him with the first principles of faith in spiritual things. And for not a few minds of this sort, the work, we hope and believe, will prove to be of great use; though, by being apparently devoted almost solely to the benefit of such, it may appear defective, perhaps painfully so, to some mature Christians, who, while they carefully heed the voice of God within, are accustomed to regard the teachings of his Son Jesus Christ as possessing an authority from which there is no appeal. Were we disposed to be critical, we might point out, here and there, an inconsistency, or a remark which is irrelevant, or an over statement, or a word improperly used, or an illogical inference, or a wrong definition, or a sentence that may seem startling and offensive because it conveys but a part of what was in the author's mind, or even a passage containing doctrine from which we should dissent; but from fault-finding we refrain. On the whole, we like the book, considering the purpose for which it was written, and also in view of the manner in which, for the most part, that purpose has been accomplished. We hope that what we or others may deem imperfections in any of its pages will do no harm, and that the valuable truths in which it abounds, and the excellent spirit it every where breathes, may strengthen the faith of many, quicken in their souls true love to God and Christ and their fellow-men, and help them forward in the way of all righteousness.

—

The Parted Family and other poems, an offering to the afflicted, and a tribute of love to departed friends, by Mary S. B. Dana. Boston: Saxton & Pierce, 1842.

Many of the afflicted and sorrowing will thank Mrs Dana for complying with the wishes of her friends and publishing this collection of Poems. Though they cannot claim a very high order of merit as poems, they yet contain some striking and beautiful passages, and breathe a lofty spirit of faith and piety which will make them messengers of peace and consolation to many a broken and wounded heart. We select the following:

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

'What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone?'
Come, mourning spirit, come to me!
I have wherewith to comfort thee;
I have a charm to soothe thy grief,
Which ever yields a sweet relief;
I cherish it within my breast,
It there abides—a welcome guest;
It chideth me where'er I weep,
And lulls my sorrows all to sleep;
It brings bright visions to my heart,
When one by one, my friends depart;
To all who seek this boon is given,
'Tis—*an unwav'ring trust in Heaven.*

The woes which in thy pathway stand,
Are there by Heaven's high command;
By God commission'd, there they stood,
To work together for thy good.
'Tis well thou could'st not pass them by,
Or bribe them from thy path to fly,
Till each had pierc'd thy trembling heart
With sorrow's ever pointed dart.
For, when thy wounds were aching sore,
If thou had'st never thought before
Of Him who wounded was for thee,
O, *then* He'd come to memory!

And if, when overwhelm'd with grief,
We fly to Jesus for relief,
And hear his gentle voice of love,
Telling of mansions far above
These often overclouded skies,
Where tears no more shall dim our eyes;
With cheerful voices may we sing,
'O, tyrant Death! where is thy sting?
O, gloomy Grave! we fear not thee,
Where is thy boasted victory?'

Then, drooping mourner! raise thy head;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled!

What though some flatt'ring dreams are gone!
Soon shall the glorious morning dawn,
Which never more shall darken'd be
By clouds o'ercharg'd with misery.

January 10, 1841.

Short Prayers, for the Morning and Evening, of every day in the week. Tract, No. 171, of the American Unitarian Association.

This is a reprint of a little work, published by the Christian Tract Society, London. Among the many manuals of devotion which have been published within the last few years by Unitarians in this country, and in England, this will not be the least acceptable and useful. The prayers are the outpourings of a fervent and devout spirit, simply and naturally expressed. We think the Executive Committee of the Association have done wisely in selecting it for publication in their series.

For the Register and Observer.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOR.

Shepherd of souls, I come!
From fruitless wanderings, bring me to thy fold!
Pining for thee and home;
I seek admittance to thy love's strong hold!

Thou, whose anointed head,
Was in a manger pillowed from thy birth,
Thou hadst a mother's love to guard thy bed,
Herald of God and morning star of earth.

The boon of human love,
Savior of men, was granted unto thee!
Now that my heart is lonely, from above
Pour thou affection's tide to comfort me.

Joy lured me to its bower,
Forming 'neath clustering vines a cooling shade.
I sought within a fair, undying flower;
Then turned in grief to see its beauties fade!

Sin reared, its glitt'ring shield,
And to my eyes the Sun of glory waned.
Thy smile again its brightness hath revealed,
Nor shall its stainless splendor be profaned!

Take me within thy arms,
Hope of Salvation, first born of our God!
I lean on thee mid countless wild alarms
Shrouding the path which thou thyself hast trod!

By thy long hallowed cross—
The crown of thorns which pierced thy quivering brow—
The purple robe—the worlds uncounted loss—
Guide and deliverer, be thou near me now!

IONE.

We thank our correspondent 'Ione' for remembering us again, and hope that in future, she will not be so long silent. There is much poetic beauty in the foregoing lines she has sent us.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON OUTWARD CONDITION.

The London watchman, referring to the condition of Ireland, has the following remarks:

'People may exercise their ingenuity to the end of time to discover the cause of the degraded state of Ireland, but while they wilfully close their eyes to the true and great cause, they are not likely to find it. That cause is Popery. What is the main cause of the degradation of Italy, Spain and Portugal? The only true answer is *Popery*. What is the reason that the population of certain of the Swiss Cantons is prosperous and happy, and of another portion miserable, dirty, and degraded? Because the former is blessed with Protestantism, and the latter is cursed with Popery. Why, amidst the general, poverty-stricken state of Ireland, is the northern division among the most prosperous and contented in the empire? Because society there is founded on Protestantism, and cemented and crowned with its healing influences.'

We know not but the above remarks of the Watchman are true to a great extent. But it is fair to ask if *intemperance* has not been one of the great causes of the degradation of Ireland, and has not Father Matthew done, is he not doing more than any one—Protestant or Catholic, to remove that cause?

For the Register and Observer.

WINTER AID SOCIETY.

The Annual Sermon before this benevolent Society of Ladies, will be preached on *Sunday, (tomorrow) Evening*, at the Bowdoin Square Church, by the Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS.

It may be recollected, that the first appeal of this Society was made last year; but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather on the evening the Sermon was preached, the Society failed to obtain that addition to their funds which they had anticipated, desired, and so much needed in order to give that aid effectually for which they are associated.

The season is again returned, when the poor, lone and friendless female, and the more tender female child, who are necessarily abroad, in going to their daily labors or their day or Sunday School, exposed to the cold and snow, the pitiless peltings of the storm, should be supplied with the warm outer garments and the suitable covering for the head. Many of this class of persons cannot obtain these articles by their own means. It is the object of this Society therefore to furnish this class of persons, with such necessary articles as the hood and the cloak.

Who will not give them a helping hand? who will not aid in such a work of love? There is no other Society which provides for this especial and pressing want of the poor. We call then upon the benevolent to be present on this occasion; to encourage these ladies; to do goodas they have opportunities; and fulfil the injunction of the Savior, not only by feeding the hungry, but also by clothing the naked. Remembering that otherwise the poet's description will be but too true of many even in this city, with whom,

A tatter'd apron hides
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never ceasing sighs. P.

INSTALLATION.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood, recently of Nashua N. H., is to be installed over the Westminster Congregational Church and Society in Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, the 29th inst. The Rev. Mr Peabody of New Bedford is to preach the Sermon.

ORDINATION.

Mr Jacob Caldwell is to be ordained over the Congregational Societies of Kensington and Hampton Falls, N. H., on Wednesday next, the 22d inst.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Treasurer of this Society, acknowledges the receipt from the Sunday School at Rowe, by the hands of its Pastor, Rev. Wm. L. Stearns, for the Agency, of $3 00

Religious Summary.—It was stated in the Register of the 4th inst. that a Protestant bishop was about to be established at Jerusalem. It appears by late English papers that Rev. M. S. Alexander was consecrated for that purpose, on the 8th Nov. by the archbishop of Canterbury. The sphere of his labors will include the Holy Land and the rest of Syria, as well as Egypt and Abyssinia. Bishop Alexander is a Jew by birth.

The Rev Dr Selwin, late of Windsor has been appointed first bishop of New Zealand.

King of Prussia.—In an article under the head Berlin, Nov. 1, reference is made to the interest which the king of Prussia had taken in the establishment of a Protestant bishopric in Jerusalem. It is considered as a mark of the religious spirit of the king,—who, we are told, 'pious without ostentation, as his excellent father was, regularly attends church with his family, and in a liberal spirit, leaves every one to follow his own religion.'

Jews in England.—There has been recently a movement among the Jews in London, by which it appears that a spirit of inquiry is prevalent among them in regard to the validity of some of the rabinical writings. It is generally understood that the recognition of the rabinical writings, as of equal authority with the Pentateuch, has been the great source of all the superstition which exists among the body of the Jews. It appears that a large number of them have recently separated from the general body, and worship by themselves under the designation of 'the Reformed Jews.' The leading points of difference, are, that while the Old body recognize the talmad, the 'reformed Jews, denounce it as a mass of outrageous absurdities, and adhere exclusively to the authority of Moses, in all religious matters.

French Synagogues.—There are fifty eight Jewish synagogues in the United States. The number of Jews belonging to these synagogues is said to be about 42,000; and it is believed there are about 10,000 Jews in various parts of the country, who do not belong to any of these congregations, The increase of the Jews among us has been rapid. In 1805, we are told, there were only five synagogues, and about 4500 Jews.

Melita not Malta.—A writer in the Watchman of the South endeavors to prove that the island on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, was not, as sacred geographers have generally supposed, Malta, but a small island in the Adriatic, and that the wind Euroclydon was a south-easterly wind, which could not have driven them down to Malta.

A further reason which he urges, is, that Malta is represented by the Roman historians as a place of much commerce, wealth and refinement, and not as an island of barbarians.—*Cong. Observer.*

Dedication to the 'Triune God.'—The Congregational Observer informs us that a beautiful edifice recently erected by the Congregational Church at Riverhead, L. I., was dedicated on the first instant to the 'TRIUNE GOD.'

We thought till now, that all Congregationalists worshipped the ONE JEHOVAH.

Orthodox Societies in Kennebec Co. Me.—It is stated in a letter of Rev Dr Gillet, recently published in the Mirror, that in Kennebec Co. there are sixteen Orthodox congregational churches, of which number only three sustain the preaching they have, by their own resources.

Liberia Mission.—The New York Catholic Herald quotes from a Protestant paper, without naming what one, the following passage respecting Liberia.

'Liberia is perhaps better supplied with the Gospel than many places in Christendom. Including Cape Palmas, Liberia has a population of 2,500 colonists, all told. The towns and settlements of Liberia are, Millsburgh, Caldwell, New Georgia, Monrovia, Marshall, Edina, Bassa Cove, Bexley, and Sinoe. At, and in the vicinity of these towns, the various Christian denominations spend annually not less than $30,000 in missionary operations: supporting twenty or more foreign missionaries, and a great number of colonists as preachers, teachers, and assistants. The education of youth is principally, if not wholly, in the hands of the Missionary Societies, as also the supplying the destitute and needy.

We learn from the Herald, that '*the church*,' i. e. the catholics church is about to send missionaries into the same field! In the same connexion, the editor of the Herald proceeds with most exemplary and characteristic modesty to say:

'Though all the influence and political power of the colony are in the hands of the agents of the Colonization Society, who are by no means disposed to promote the propagation of *the faith*, we have no doubt that our two Catholic missionaries will be more successful in converting the pagan tribes, than all the other missionaries taken collectively.'

Regarding his—'no doubt,' as a conclusive demonstration, in regard to this and similar cases, the editor continues,—

'The reason why Catholic misionaries uniformly succeed in converting the Heathen, where others signally fail, is, because they are the true legitimate successors of the Apostles, and as such merit the divine commision and promises, whereby they *go to teach all nations, and bring forth fruit which shall remain.*'

Catholic Religion in Hayti.—The Catholic bishop of St. Louis is going soon to Hayti, 'to execute a commission of the Holy See,'—having been *delegated*, we are told, with ample powers for the arrangement of the ecclesiastical affairs of the Republic.'

English Missions.—From the annual report of the 'Gospel Propagation Society' as given in the Missionary Register, we learn that the annual receipts of the society, from subscribtions and donations, which in 1837 amounted to £10,739 have increased as follows,—in 1838 to £10,082; in 1839, to £22,641.

Church Missionary.—The receipts of this society, on account of the general fund were £90,604, during the last year. This society has 11 missions and 97 stations.

Wesleyan Missionary Society.—The total receipts of this Society the last year, £90,182. This Society has 363 missionaries, of whom 204 are principally connected with heathen and converts from heathenism, and 159 laborers among European and British Colonies.

Bible Society.—Mr Shackford, who died recently at St Louis, left $10,000 to the American Bible Society.

Pine Street Church.—We understand that Mr. Austin Phelps has received a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Pine Street Church in this city.

Missionary to the Turks.—The Rev. James Cook Richmond, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, has recently sailed for London, on his way to Constantinople, as a missionary to the Mahometans of Turkey. Mr R visited Greece and Turkey in 1831, and found as he supposed, 'many Turks disposed to look into the evidence of Christianity, and ready, under proper instruction to receive it. From that time he has manifested a deep interest in the establishment of a mission to the Turks.'

Protestant Catholicism.—Some tendencies to conformity to catholic customs have lately been manifested among some members of the Episcopal communion. We are told that bishop Griswold, in a late address to his diocese, has noticed and rebuked it. He makes particular reference to the arrangements of the Chancel in the churches at Providence, and Nantucket, which require that the officiating cleryman should, in some part of the service, have his face from the audience. 'All the services,' says he, 'should be performed in a place and manner the most commodious to the minister and people. Whether he preaches or prays or administers the ordinances of Christ, he should be in view of each, and of all the congregation present.—To turn from them to the Communion table implies the supposition that God is particularly present there, and sanctions the abominable doctrine of transubstantiation.

Of the Nantucket Church he says,—'I was pained and mortified at the strange arrangement of the reading-desk and the communion-table, and at other exhibitions within the chancel, evidently corresponding with the idolatrous conceits of Christians in those corrupt ages of the church which some effect to call *primitive*. Let us not *look back to Egypt* lest we *perish in the wilderness!*'

INTELIGLENCE.

PROPOSAL OF ENLARGEMENT.

A proposition having been made that an enlargement of our paper would be acceptable to many of our subscribers, the subject has been carefully considered by the publisher, and a promise given to enlarge it, at the commencement of the new volume, provided only four hundred additional subscribers should be sent in before the first of January.

The enlargement involves additional expenses which cannot be met by a much less number, if even by that.

How easily might this number or even a thousand names be added to the list, by a little friendly effort of its well-wishers. By a simple hint on the subject from each of its readers and friends, to one two or more of their personal friends, a thousand subscribers might easily be added, and the influence and usefulness of the paper be very largely increased.

The good offices of clergymen, are respectfully solicited, as well as of Sunday school teachers, both gentleman and ladies; especially those active and ardent ones who have themselves had personal experience of the efficacy and value of Liberal Christianity as a sure practical guide, and as a fountain of consolation and hope.

As a motive to such effort, let it be considered that each new paper sent out will have (as has been carefully estimated) on an average, at least, twelve readers,—as a large proportion of the papers are generally read by more families than one. Every parish then where a dozen new papers are introduced will have 150 new readers of a weekly religious paper, more attractive and more valuable than any religious tract. The addition of 1000 subscribers to the new volume, which is easily practicable, would ensure at least 12,000 readers. And it is a fact worthy of consideration, that many of these, from unfavorable location or other circumstances,—perhaps from want of interest, which such reading might awaken,—are not attendants on public worship any where, and will have ordinarily, no other opportunity of religious reading or instruction.

To accomplish the proposed purpose, and settle, as early as possible, the question of enlargement, the publisher has sent out this week to all the subscribers a copy of a subscription paper,—respectfully soliciting from each and every reader of this notice, who is favorably disposed, their aid in extending the list of subscribers. Subscribers to the new volume, whose names are returned at once,—or at any time before January 1st, will receive the remaining numbers of this volume without any charge.

City Election.—Jonathan Chapman Esq., was re-elected Mayor of this city on Monday last. Five Aldermen, and a large proportion of the Common Council voted for on the same ticket were elected.

Congress.—SENATE, Wednesday Dec. 8.—A joint resolution was submitted for the appointment of two Chaplains of different denominations, one for each House, for the present Session, to interchange their labors weekly. The resolution was considered and agreed to, and the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—The only business transacted in the House was a joint resolution respecting Chaplains, corresponding with the one passed in the Senate, the time having been occupied by discussions and motions respecting the right or claim of certain individuals to a particular seat on the floor of the House.

SENATE, Dec. 9th.—The 34th rule was suspended, and the President authorized to appoint the Standing Committees; and the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 13th.

HOUSE, Dec. 9th.—Soon after the opening of the Session, the death of Hon. Henry Black of Pennsylvania was announced, and the House adjourned.

Dec. 10th.—The Speaker was authorized to appoint, in addition to the usual Standing Committees, three select Committees, one on Finance, one on the Smithsonian bequest, and one on the apportionment of Representatives.

It was also ordered that the Speaker appoint a select Committee of nine, on the subject of a National Foundry. The House adjourned to Monday.

The Navy.—The following orders were officially announced in the Madisonian of the 7th inst.

Regulation.—Officers of the Navy are strictly prohibited from publishing or causing to be published, in newspapers, pamphlets, handbills, or otherwise, any disrespectful or offensive matter relative to transactions of a private nature between officers, or between officers and citizens; and any officer so offending shall be arrested and tried therefor; and one specification of the charge against him shall be the violation of this regulation. A. P. UPSHUR.

Regulation.—The practice of presenting swords, plate, or things of value, from inferior officers or from crews, to their superior or commanding officer, in the way of compliment; and all notes or resolutions, whether of praise or censure from inferiors to superiors, are injurious to discipline, and of evil tendency in other respects. Thse are therefore strictly forbidden.

The Merchandise Depot, at the termination of the Western Railroad in Boston covers an acre and one quarter of ground. It is said to be the largest building in the world under one cover without pillars, or partition walls, with the the single exception of one in Russia.

Red River Raft.—A contract has been made by Government, with two gentlemen of character and efficiency, for the sum of $64,000 to remove the raft and keep the channel open for five years. It is generally believed that the contract will be fulfilled, in the course of another year, and that thus the great agricultural country above will be brought comparatively near to a market.

The New Post Office Building in Washington.—The General Post Office has, within a few days been removed from the buildings which it has occupied for the last three or four years, to the new and beautiful marble building erected for its use on the site of the burnt Post Office building, on the south front of the square bounded east and west by 7th and 8th sts. west, and on the south and north by E and F streets north,

'The front extends along E street 204 feet, and flanks along 7th and 8th streets 102 feet. The plan is a parallelogram, and, with the wings, forms a hollow square in the rear. The principal facade fronts to the south, and presents three stories above a low subbase. The order of architecture adopted is the Corinthian, according to the Greek detail. The material used on the street fronts is white marble, and on the rear front very light granite,'

The whole edifice is in rich and excellent style, having more than twenty rooms on every floor, all fire proof.

Lord Morpeth.—This distinguished gentleman, who recently came to this country,—'to visit the younger branches of his family,' was Secretary of State for Ireland, under the late administration, and we are told, 'acquired the esteem of all ranks by the great urbanity and judiciousness with which he discharged his arduous functions.' The Congregational Observer, in a brief notice of him says,—

'Lord Morpeth is in the true sense of the word, a 'Nobleman.' He is one of nature's noblemen, and therefore connected with real nobility, (to use an expression of his own, ('by a better link than that of ancestry or lineage.' Nevertheless he holds the highest rank among those of his ORDER.

During the whole of his parliamentary life, he has been the unflinching and consistent defender of civil and religious liberty, against the aggressions of tyranny, whether prompted by political ambition, ministerial cupidity, or ecclesiastical bigotry; and what is most important to *any* cause, Lord Morpeth brings with him to every measure that he supports or condemns a private character of such unsullied integrity.'

Slavery.—It is stated in the British and Anti Slavery Reporter that the British minister was induced to decline acknowledging the Independence of Texas, by the refusal of Mexico to do so on the ground 'that Texas is a slave-holding State.

The Bey of Tunis has abolished all the public slave markets, in the regency, the BUILDINGS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PULLED DOWN, and he has declared under severe penalties the public sale of any slave, and there is no doubt he will ultimately emancipate every slave in the regency.—*Cong. Observer.*

Accidents on Railroads.—An examination has recently been had in the British Parliament, into the causes of railway accidents. Out of thirty five accidents which have occured within five months, twenty one are attributed, in the report of the committee, to 'defective arrangements;' eighteen to 'misconduct of servants;' and six to 'mechanical causes,' such as breaking of axles. &c. A similar examination would probably lead to the same results on this side of the Atlantic. The inference from the above factsis, that railway travelling is not necessarily dangerous; not so much so, certainly, as other modes of conveyance. None of the accidents above arose from causes inherent in the nature of railway traveling. They might all have been avoided.

*** ERRATUM.—The article in the third column of the first page, on the 'Baptismal form of words' is wrongly credited to Dr Hopkins. It was intended to annex his name to the article on Beauty and sublimity, extracted from his excellent Lectures on the Connexion between Taste and Morals.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Lothrop, Mr Samuel H. Gibbens to Miss Catherine B. daughter of John F. Priest, Esq.

In this city, Dec 7, Samuel Wigglesworth, M. D. to Miss Louisa G. Davenport.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Daniel D. Fuller to Miss Mary T. White; Mr George W. Francis to Miss Matilda E. Damond.

In Hingham, 8th inst by Rev Mr Stearns, Mr Wm E Deane, of Cohasset, to Miss Elizabeth C. daughter of Graham Lincoln, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, 11th inst., W. H. Harrison, son of J. W. Carter, 9 months.

In this city, Benjamin French, Esq., aged 75.

In this city, on Sunday evening, Mr James Wilson, 77, well kuown as City Crier for twenty years past.

10th Inst., Mrs Christiana Hatch, 70.

On 11th inst, Charles Wells, son of Mark Healey, Esq aged 5 years.

In Providence, R. I. on Thursday evening, Capt, Nathaniel Wheaton, aged 57 years.

In Providence, on Sunday, 5th inst, Stephen Waterman Esq, in the 62d year of his age.

In North Bridgewater, 12th inst, Mr Samuel A. Whitman, only son of Eliab Whitman, Esq, 27.

In Montville, Me, Rev Ebenezer Knowlton, of the Free Will Baptist Church.

In New York, Dec 11, of paralytic affection, Mrs Mary, wife of Elijah Withington, formerly of Boston, 77.

In Tewksbury, Nov. 27, Mrs Mary, relict of the late Jonathan Brown, Esq. 92.

NEW BOOKS.—Man a Soul, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey; Count Segurs Narrative of Napoleons Expedition to Russia, 2 vols. Family Library; Fenelon's Lives of the Ancient Philosophers, 1 vol. Family Library; Joan of Arc, a Tale for the Young; Mrs. Hoffland's Farewell Tales; Paul Preston's Gymnasium; The Madison Papers, new edition, 4 vols. 8 vo.; Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1st American edition, 1 vol. 8vo; Egmont, a Tragedy from the German of Goethe, 18 mo; Lord Brougham's Miscellanies, 2 vols; Prof. Wilson's Miscellanies, 3 vols. 12 mo; The Divine Life, being suggestions to those who are about commencing a religious life, by Rev. William Law, with a preface by Rev. James F. Clarke, 18 mo; My Progress in Error, and recovery to Truth or a Tour through Universalism, Unitarianism and Skepticism, 12 mo; Papaic, a group of Poems touching that River with other Poems, by Flaccus 12 mo. For sale by
dec 18 J. MUNROE & Co., 134 Washington st.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—Selections from the writings of Fenelon, with a memoir of his life—a new edition, enlarged; Man a Soul, or Inward and Experimental Religion; Alice Bradford or Experimental Religion; Greenwood's Lives of the Apostles; Ware's discourses on the offices and character of Jesus Christ; Brook's Daily Monitor; Selections from the works of Jeremy Taylor; Latimer's Sermons; Furness; Family Prayer Book.

Also, a good assortment of large and small Bibles, in elegant binding and type. For sale at
d18 SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row.

COPARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned have this day formed a Copartnership under the firm of SMITH & FOWLE, and will offer for sale at the old stand of J. M SMITH, a complete assortment of DRUGS and MEDICINES, at wholesale and retail, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.
JOS. M. SMITH.
SETH W. FOWLE.
Boston, Dec. 6, 1841.

LEECHES.—REMOVAL.

The subscriber has this day formed a Copartnership with Mr J. M. SMITH, and will continue the LEECH BUSINESS at No. 138 Washington (opposite School st.) street, under the name of SMITH & FOWLE, and respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and customers. All orders addressed to SMITH & FOWLE will meet with prompt attention. SETH W. FOWLE.
Boston, Dec. 6, 1841. 3t d18

EUROPEAN LEECHES.

SMITH & FOWLE have made arrangements to insure a constant supply of the true Hirudo Medicinalis, which they will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

N. B. Just received a large and very superior lot, in fine healthy condition, which can be packed to send safely any distance, at all seasons of the year. Orders are solicited. dec 18

SAVINGS BANK.

THE Savings Bank for Seamen and others, No. 17 Tremont Row, is open daily, from ten A. M. to one P. M. This Institution is especially intended to afford greater facilities for a safe and profitable investment of the earnings of Seamen, and of others connected with a sea faring life, but it is also designed for *all classes* in the community, and is open to *all*, thus enabling the industrious and frugal, by commencing early in life with saving a few dollars, to make a provision for time of need. Parents may here accumulate a fund for their children, or by making them depositors, teach them the advantages of saving habit, and thus inculcates a lesson of prudence and economy which will be remembered through life.

Deposites made at any time during the quarter ending on the second Wednesday of January, April, July and October, will be put upon interest on the second Wednesday of the quarter succeeding the Deposit.

☞ Money deposited on or before the second Wednesday of January next, will be put upon interest at that time.

SAMUEL H. WALLEY, Jr. Treasurer.
dec 14 3t

NEW BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.—Just published by B. H GREENE, a new and beautiful Book for Christmas and New Year, entitles, Words in a Sunday School. A very appropriate present to Sunday School children. dec 18

NEW POETRY FOR CHIDREN.—Fresh Flowers for my children by a mother—just published by S. G. Simpkins. dec 18

SCHMID'S GREEK CONCORDANCE.—Edited by A. Greenfield. Bagster's Pocket London Ed. Beza's Latin Testament.

Hahn's Hebrew Bible, Stereotype Edition, by Rosenmuller.

Knapp's Greek Testament.

Gesenius's Hebrew and Chaldee Dictionary of the Old Testament.

Mischelis's Hebrew Bible. With notes, marginal readings, &c.

Simoni's Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon.

Bloomfield's Greek Testament, with English Notes.

Leusden's Greek and Latin Testament.

Sophocle's Greek Grammar.

Schrevelii Lexicon, Greek and Latin.

Grove's Greek Lexicon.

Donnegan's Greek Lexicon.

Leverett's Latin Lexicon.

Robinson's Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon.

Anthon's, Andrews and Stoddard's, Goodrich's, Gould's, Dillaway's Classics.

Translations of Homer, Xenophon, Virgil, Cicero, &c. &c.

Schools and Colleges supplied.

For sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington Street. dec 11

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS only for Ladies Thick Sole Half Gaters, at T. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington street, directly opposite the old South Church. n15

THE NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE—December, 1841.—CONTENTS.—Architecture. Part Second; Discourse from Psalm cxxxix. 14; Of the Modes of Perception of Emanuel Swedenborg; Swedenborg's Adversaria of Numbers; Swedenborg's Advice to the Estates of Sweden, at the opening of the General Diet in 1761, Facts in Mesmerism; Intelligence from England; New Publications; Thanksgiving Day; Intelligence; Ordination; The South Wind of Spring. Boston. Published by OTIS CLAPP, NO. 10 School st.
dec 11

ION: A Tragedy in 5 Acts, by Thomas Noon Talfourd—a few copies for sale.

PERIODICALS FOR DECEMBER.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine; Democratic Magazine; Lady's Book; Lady's Companion; Monthly Miscellany, &c.

NEW MEDICAL BOOKS.—Clark on Climate; Gilbert on Blood; Ryland on the Larynx; Mayo's Elements of Pathology; Velpeau on the Breast; Lallemand on Diurnal Discharges; new edition of Gibson's Surgery; Montgomery on Pregnancy, &c. &c., with a complete assortment of all Books in every department of Medical Literature.

MAN A SOUL: or the Inward and the Experimental Evidences of Christianity; by A. B. Muzzey—published this day.

NEW ENGLISH EDITIONS.—Wordsworth; Tom Moore; Montgomery and Hemans's Poetical Works—Just received. For sale by TICKNOR, Agent, corner of Washington and School sts. dec 11

NEW SUPPLIES of the following books—Wilson's Critical and Miscellaneous Writings, and The Letters of Horace Walpole, complete in 4 vols, 8vo.

Just received and for sale by TICKNOR, agent, corner of Washington and School sts. dec 11

AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1842.—The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1842.

For sale by TICKNOR, Agent; corner of Washington and School sts. dec 11

STERLING'S POEMS.—The Sexton's Daughter, and other Poems, by John Sterling.

Just received and for sale, by TICKNOR, Agent, corner of Washington and Schools streets. dec 11

MINIATURE CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—Great pains have been bestowed in the selection of this unique Library, which comprises the best works of our venerated authors; published in an elegant form, with a beautiful frontispiece, tastefully ornamented.

Goldsmith.—Essays. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.

Goldsmith.—The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.

Johnson. The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, A Tale. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

Cottin.—Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. By Madame Cottin.

Token of Affection.

Token of Friendship.

Token of Remembrance.

Pure Gold from the Rivers of Wisdom.

St. Pierre.—Paul and Virginnia; from the French of J. B. H. De St. Pierre.

SAXON & PEIRCE, No 133 1 2 Washington street.
dec 11

THE DIVINE LIFE,—Being suggestions to those who are commencing a Religious Life. By the Rev Wm Law, with a preparatory notice by the American Editor—Contents—Christian Redemption—Faith—The Hidden Life—The Atonement—Imputed Righteousness—Election and Reprobation—The Religion of Reason—Religion of the Heart—The Christian Ministry &c, &c. This day published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st.
dec 11

THE CHAPEL HYMN BOOK—This Hymn Book is intended for Small Churches, Vestry meetings and Sunday schools. Fourth Edition. Just published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row.
dec 11

NEW COMMON PLACE BOOK.—The Mnemosynum intended to aid not only Students and Professional Men, but every other class of citizens in keeping a record of incidents, facts, &c., in such a manner that they may be recalled at pleasure, with an introduction showing its benefits and its manner of being kept, by John F. Ames, 4to. Just published; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. dec 11

AUSTIN'S VOICE TO YOUTH.—A Voice to Youth, addressed to Young Men and Young Ladies, by Rev. J. M. Austin, 5th edition, just published.

Also a few copies, of 'A Voice to the Married,' by the same Author. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. dec 11

FRENCH AND GERMAN SCHOOL BOOKS—Follen's German Grammar—Follen's German Reader and German Dramas, from Schiller and Goethe, by Chs. Follen—Surault's edition of Robotham's French Grammar—Collot's Levizac's French Grammar and Exercises—Collot's Key to the Exercises in the Grammar; Collot's Pronouncing French Reader, on a Plan of Pronunciation, New, Simple and Effective; and consisting of Selections from the best French Prose Writers and Poets—Collot's Interlinear French Reader, on Locke's Plan of Instruction, being a Key to 'Collot's Pronouncing French Reader'—Collot's French Dialogues and Phrases, with an English Translation, 4th edition—Collot's French Anecdotes and Questions, intended to be used with Collot's French Dialogues and Phrases, or separately, as a Reciting, Reading, and Question Book, 3d edition—for sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row.
d4

REV. MR KIRK'S SERMONS.—Delivered on various occasions in England and America.—2nd edition.

Sermons and Poetical Remains of B. D. Winslow, 8vo. cloth.

Prof. Robinson's Travels and Researches in Palestine, Egypt, Arabia Petræa, &c.

For sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington street. d 4

ENGLISH BOOKS, by the last Arrival.—History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest Period to the Present Times by Rev. William Whewell 3 vols 8vo.

Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, by Rev. William Whewell 2 vols 8 vo.

Memoirs of Mr John Tubin, Author of the Honey Moon, by Miss Benger, 8vo; Travels in New England, and New York, by Timothy Dwight 4 vols, 8vo. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings; Memoirs of the life of Mary Queen of Scots, with anecdotes of the Court of Henry 2d, during her residence in France, by Miss Benger, 2 vols; Memoirs of the Life of Anna Boleyn, Queen of Henry 8th, by Miss Benger, 8vo; A Summary, Historical and Political, of the first planting, Progressive Improvements, and present state of the British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass, 2 vols; Disquisitions on the Theology and Metaphysics of Scripture; with strictures on various current opinons in Divinity, and Philosophy, connected with these subjects, by Andrew Carmichael 2 vols 8vo; Manual of Homoeopathic Medicine, translated from the third edition of C. H. C. Jahr 2 vols 12mo. Just received by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street. dec 4

VISIT TO NORTHERN EUROPE: or Sketches Descriptive, Historical, Political and Moral, of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, and the free cities of Hamburg and Lubeck, containing Notices of the Manners and Customs, Commerce, Manufactures, Arts and Sciences, Education, Literature, and Religion of those countries; by Robert Baird—with maps and numerous engravings, engraved in Paris expressly for the work.

For sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington street. d 4

MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS—Edited by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett—Contents of the number for December:

The New England Thanksgiving—Moral Discrimination—Thoughts and Sketches of a Country Life—the Paternal Government of God—the Pilgrims—Heavenly-Mindedness—a Sermon, by Rev. F. Parkman, D. D.—Notices of the late Ezra Ripley, D. D.

Notices of Books, Clarke's, DeWette's, Theodore; Spiritual Culture; Dewey's Two Discourses; Sermons on the death of Dr Ripley; Porter's Prayers; Bradford's Address; Emerson's Oration; Damon's Sermon, &c.

Intelligence—Installation at Petersham; do at Waltham; Parker's Lectures on Religion; Lectures in Boston; London Anniversaries; Ordination Services in England, &c—for sale by WM CROSBY & CO,
d4 118 Washington st

HORACE WALPOLE, LETTERS.—Letters of Horace Walpole Earl of Oxford including numerous titles, now just published from the original manuscripts, 4 vols 8vo. first American edition—also a few copies of the English edition, in 6 vols with four beautifully executed steal engravings in each volume.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street. dec 4

FURNESS'S FAMILY PRAYERS.—For sale by SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row.

GOETHE'S EGMONT.—This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Egmont, a Tragedy in five Acts, translated from the German of Goethe 12mo. 134 Washington street nov 27

NEW GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—Nearly ready—The Common School Grammar a concise and Comprehensive Manual of English Grammar, containing in addition to the first principles and rules briefly stated and explained, a systematic order of parsing, a number of examples for drilling Exercises, and a few in false Syntax, particularly adapted for the use of Common Schools and Academies, by John Goldsbury, A. M. Teacher of the High School in Cambridge. Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. nov 27

ENCYCOPEDIA AMERICANNA.—A popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, literature, history politics, and biography brought down to the present time; including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography. In 13 vols neat and strong binding, Waverly Novels, in 27 vols, neat binding. Received and for sale at SIMPKINS Book and Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row.

THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN.—This Work having been highly commended by Theological Reviewers and others, and it being thought that much good may be effected by a general and extensive circulation of it, especially in the new settlements of our country, and where there is not constant and regular preaching of the Gospel, the author proposes to publish a second edition, corrected and improved, and so much abridged, and so printed, that the price per copy shall not exceed 25 cents. The author does not calculate to make any profit to himself from the edition. And he earnestly and devoutly requests, that rich and liberal Christians, who desire to promote the spreading of the truth 'as it is in Jesus,' would subscribe largely for the purpose of *gratuitous distribution* among the poor and others, as may be useful to the cause of pure and uncorrupted Christianity.

The minimum amount of subscription is limited to one dollar, or 4 copies, the maximum is unlimited. Subscriptions to be paid in advance, as the work can be engaged much lower by payment in advance. The books will be delivered to the subscribers, or distributed as they may direct, by the author without charge.

Extracts from Letters.

Extract from a letter from Rev. Mr Elliot of St. Louis, in answer to a letter of the Christian Layman.]

'The plan you propose for a cheap edition of 'The Christian Layman' seems to me most excellent. Your book has done, I am persuaded, much good, and has been read in this city by a large number. It is therefore very desirable, most certainly, to place it within the reach of as large a number as possible, and I shall rejoice to see the edition of which you speak. I think we here can and will do something for so good a purpose. And whatever can be done we will do cheerfully.'

[Extract from a letter from the Rev. Mr Heywood of Louisville, Kentucky, in answer to a letter of the Christian Layman.]

'I like very much your plan in regard to a cheap edition of 'The Christian Layman,' and those of our friends, to whom I have mentioned it, are much pleased. Most gladly will I do what I can towards carrying out the plan, for the appears to me eminently calculated to do good. Your book has done much good here already. Many have read it, and all who have read it seem to have received great profit as well as pleasure from its perusal.
nov 20

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Just received. Sketch' from a Student's Window, by S. G. Goodrich; Monaldi, by Washington Allston; Pictorial Robinson Crusoe; Pictorial Vicar of Wakefield; Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe; Glory and Shame of England; Mrs Sigourney's Poems, new edition; Stanley Thorn; Lives of British Lawyers; Lyell's Elements of Geology; do Principles of do; Heber's Poems; Milman's History of Christianity; Howitt's Book of the Seasons; Arthur Cassyl; Memoir of Madame Lafarge; Mrs Austin's German Prose Writers; Early English Church; Lay Baptism; Mrs Lee's new volume of Tales, &c. &c. &c. Just published and for sale by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
nov 20 118 Washington st.

JUVENILE NATURALIST, or walks and wanderings in the country, by the Rev B. H. Draper, by
n13 SAXTON & PEIRCE.

BLANKETS.—At the One Price Store, 28 Washington st., may be found Bed Blankets of a superior quality. Among which are the Silk bound Bath, of a large size. Families in want of this article are assured that they are offered at the very lowest prices.

Just received another lot stout Cassimeres suitable for Boy's wear—at 1$ per yard. nov 20

POETRY.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

Is thy path lonely? fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee;
And not a star shines o'er thine head by night,
But he hath known that it will reach thy sight;
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still, that thou art unforgot;
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

'TRY IT.'

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

'Johnny, I am glad to see you,' said a tall, sallow, thin-looking woman, to a boy about ten years of age, who had just entered the room.—Her features were harsh, but her voice was cheerful. The child seemed gratified as he looked up into her face.

'Is Jemmy better then?' he asked, as he walked up towards the cradle, and attempted to peep beneath the coverlet which wrapped the baby.

'I am afraid not much, though he's asleep now; and don't disturb him; but, Johnny, I shall want another of your pumpkins.'

'What for, mother?'

'How many have you got, Johnny?'

'Just four left. The last was given for the meal, you know, mother. Yes, I have just four left: and these, mother, you said we might keep for Thanksgiving day.'

'Yes, Johnny, I said so, but won't two do? I want to get something for the baby, while he is so sick. I must have a candle, and other things. Where are they to come from, but from your pumpkins?'

'Well, mother, I suppose you must have them: and after all,' said the child, sorrowfully, 'I don't suppose Thanksgiving day was made so much for poor folks, as for the rich people, who have enough to eat.'

'We can be thankful in our hearts, Johnny; but Jemmy is very sick.' She tucked up the blanket around the feet of the sick child, cast an anxious look upon his pale face, then wiped the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron.

'Don't cry, mother; you shall have the pumpkins; they are yours; and I will get them this minute.'

'He is just as his father was before he became intemperate,' thought the poor woman as the child disappeared; as kind to me as possible. Oh dear, dear, what will become of us? I don,t know that I ought to wish Jemmy to recover.'

While the mother sat indulging her gloomy reflections, John clambered up an infirm and rickety stairway, into the cottage loft.—Making his way among the old lumber which from time to time had been stowed away there, he went up to a snug little place between the chimney and the wall, where he had carefully deposited his treasures, which were the products of his own labor. 'There you are, safe and sound,' said the little fellow, apostrophizing his pumpkins; 'how large and yellow—what beauties!' He examined them, and after much deliberation, he took away a large and a small one, and left a large and a small one. These he returned to their hiding place, as a hiding place it really was, and concealed from view by an old quilt. He brought down the pumpkins and laid them one by one at his mother's feet. 'Here they are, mother,' said he, 'and one is my very biggest.'

'Thank you, Johnny; you are a good boy; I don't know what I should do without you.' The child felt happy as he occupied himself in wiping the dust from their round faces.

'Now I wish you could sell them for me,' said his mother.

'Can't I? See me hold this, the biggest.'—He held it up to be sure, but it was with a great effort.

'No, Johnny, I must go and sell them, and you may go with me. Nannie will mind the baby, and we shall not be gone long.'

Nannie was called in, a long haired, thinly clad, little girl, with a pale, pensive face.—She was charged to mind the cradle, and if the baby stirred, to rock him to sleep again.

'May I put some chips on the fire; my feet are so cold mother?' asked Nannie, as she curled her little hands under her arms, and placed one of her feet on the warm ashes.

'There are but five or six left, Nannie; you can warm your feet as you stand now. Be a good girl until we come back,' replied her mother.

Mrs Smith busied herself in preparing for her walk, with a heavy heart. The toilet of the poor is soon made. The thin cotton shawl which she wrapped about her, seemed but a poor protection against the keen, chilly November wind, that whistled through the leafless branches of the trees. She took the largest pumpkin in her arms, while Johnny followed with the other, and thus they left the house.

'Mother, ' its cold, isn't it?' exclaimed the child, looking at his thin cotton trowsers, and shivering as the wind whistled past.

'Come along, my son,' said his mother.—She quickened her pace, not trusting herself to look back on her shivering boy, or venturing even to speak kindly to him. She knew she would weep if she did, for her heart was like to break.

They kept on their way for a long time, in silence. Mr Smith's house was in the outskirts of the town; in a bleak, desolate place, and they were obliged to walk some distance before they reached the thickly settled part of the town. John found that in order to keep up with his mother, so that he might talk with her, he must almost run, but he stoutly mended his pace, and came up beside her.

'Mother, these are fine houses; don't you think so?' remarked John, wishing to draw his mother into conversation.

'Certainly, my son.'

'The boys who live here, always have their breakfast, and a good fire to warm them by, and shoes to put on. I should think they had a great deal to be thankful for,' said little Johnny; 'they must be glad to have Thanksgiving day come,' he added.

Thanksgiving day is a day which every New England boy anticipates with no small degree of happiness, and it was uppermost in John's mind, for he had heard the boys talk over and over again their plans for fun and frolic on that day.

'Mother, what shall we do on Thanksgiving day?'

'*Perhaps* we shall have something to eat, Johnny.'

'Yes, mother, you said you was going to make some pies of the two pumpkins that are left. Wasn't it lucky that I planted them; they have really been a comfort to us.'

'If Jemmy does not want any thing more, we will keep them for Thanksgiving,' replied the mother, her thoughts returning to the sick baby in the cradle.

'Yes, If Jemmy does not want any thing more,' repeated the child, satisfied that his little brother's wants were paramount.

They came to a corner of the street, where they both paused. Mrs Smith gave her son some directions, and the mother and child parted.

John proceeded to sell his pumpkin, and with the money, he intended to buy a bushel of chips from the ship yard. He looked up to the comfortable and pleasant houses which lined the street through which he passed, and it occurred to him that he might very soon sell his pumpkin at any one of those places, instead of going much farther to a store, pointed out by his mother. John was quite sure that any person living in those houses could afford to buy it. He liked the appearance of a large three-story house, just opposite the spot where he stood, and, crossing the street, he ascended the long flight of stone steps. He hesitated a moment before he lifted the bright shining knocker on the door. 'I wonder if I shall sell it here,' tho't John, as he rested his burden on the step, and let fall the knocker. A servant answered his summons.

'Will you buy a pumpkin, sir?' asked Johnny, very courageously.

'The back door is the place to bring pumpkins too, boy; but we don't want any here, was the surly reply, and the door closed.

'No matter, I'll try again; mother never gives up, and I shan't give up,' soliloquized the poor child, and, lifting up the pumpkin he quickly retraced his steps.

The next was a large, new, brick building; it looked like a dwelling house, and yet it did not look like the other houses; but Johnny preferred the safe side, and marched up to the door. 'Do you want to buy a pumpkin, sir?' he inquired of a gentleman coming out of the door. The gentleman brushed past him hastily, saying, 'This is a school-house, and you will find no market for your goods here.,

'It is cold,' thought Johnny. 'How heavy my pumpkin is.'

A pretty, modest-looking house next attracted his attention, and again he rested his load on the step. To his inquiry, the girl who stood at the door asked the price. 'Ten cents,' replied our friend.

'Ten cents!' echoed the girl, 'we can buy a plenty of them for four-pence, and that is a very small one.'

Johnny's hopes fell. 'It is a very good one,' said he, 'one of my very best. Please to look at it.'

'Well, I don't know,' said the girl; 'I have seen just as good;' and she turned it over with her foot. 'Can't you take less.'?

'How much will you give for it?' said he, and his little heart beat quicker at the prospect of selling it.

'Well, I guess we don't want it at all; we have got plenty;' and the girl slowly closed the door.

'Oh, if she only knew that I want some money to get something for Jemmy, who is sick, she would have bought it,' were the boy's thoughts, as he sadly went on his way. He walked some distance before he had courage to try again.

A neat brick house came in his way. Remembering the servants rebuff at the other house, he entered the gate, and proceeded to the back door.

'What do you want?' asked a man coming out of the wood house.

John stopped, and respectfully asked if he wanted to buy a pumpkin.

'What is your name?' asked the man.

'John Smith, sir.'

'Yes, I thought so; one of Smith's children; and I suppose your father has sent you here to get some money to spend in rum.—No I encourage no drunkards, or their children. I don't want your pumpkin.'

Johnny felt ashamed, and alarmed; his heart was too full to allow him to reply.—'Ah,' thought he, 'if people only knew the whole!' and he hastened out the gate.

In the broad street, many persons were passing up and down, but no one stopped to speak to the boy, and no one knew the anxiety and care that was weighing down the heart of the forlorn little fellow.

'I am so cold, and the pumpkin is so heavy, I must stop and rest.' And Johnny sat down upon a door step. The tears were streaming over his purple cheeks; he shivered with cold, and his hands and feet were almost paralyzed. He sat, not knowing what to do, or which way to go, and it was already growing late. He had thus far received neither encouragement nor sympathy; no one had spoken kindly to him, and his heart failed him as he thought of trying again. Ah, the charm of one kind word.

It happened that there were those within the house, who looked out of the window and saw a little boy seated on the steps, crying, and their hearts were touched with his desolate and ragged appearance. The door was gently opened, and a sweet voice, for kindness is always sweet, asked Johnny 'what he was there for, and if he would not come in?'

He turned round, and brushing away his tears, beheld a little girl about his own age, with such a pleasant expression upon her face, that he could not doubt he had at last met a friend.

'Don't you want to buy a pumpkin?' asked John, rising and approaching her. 'I've got one to sell, and I have been trying all this afternoon, and cannot find a purchaser. Do buy it.'

'Come in and see my mother, little boy,' she replied. 'You look cold; come in and warm you.' And she led the way to the sitting-room, where a bright coal fire cheered the heart of John. 'Here he is, mother!' she whispered, as she went up to the lady, who sat in a rocking chair, holding a baby; 'and he has been crying. He says he wants to sell a pumpkin. Do buy it, mother.'

The lady looked kind and benevolent, and her manner encouraged and assured the heart of poor John. She inquired about his family, and, some how or other, he felt that he could tell her everything. And when he described little Jemmy's sickness, and saw how kind the lady looked, he knew he had found a friend. His artless tale of the destitution of his home, often without food, and the patience and suffering of his mother, the want and wretchedness of his brothers and sisters, drew tears from the lady's eyes. He also told her that it was all caused by his father's intemperance; for he knew the lady would not reprove him for being a drunkard's child, and he hoped that perhaps something might be done for his father yet.

Johnny felt relieved as of a burden, when he looked up in the lady's face, and saw that she pitied him. Warmed and feasted, with the money for his pumpkin in his pocket, and relying on the promise of these good people, that something should be done for his mother, Johnny crossed the threshold of the house, on his return, with a light and a happy heart. The little girl wrapped up some gingerbread, to send to his sister Nannie.

When Johnny got into the street again, he was tempted to go directly home, to tell his mother of his good fortune; but he remembered the chips. He could not return again that night to get them, so he bent his steps to the shipyard. His basket was already there; he had left it the day before, when the master of the yard demanded of him two cents, the price of a basket of chips, before he let him fill his basket. Two cents! he had not one; and he went away sorrowing, but hoping that he might be able to earn the necessary sum. He now returned with money enough to buy the chips. Grateful joy made him diligent at his task, and in less time than seemed possible, he was on his way home. The shadows of evening had already gathered around, and he heeded not the large snow flakes which the wind was driving in his face, but on he trudged, happy in the thought of carrying hope and comfort to his mother's heart.

When he arrived home, he found his mother, who had returned long before him. His cheering story chased away, for a little while the traces of sorrow and anxiety which were wont to mark her countenance. She had been quite as successful as she expected, and had brought home at least a supper and breakfast for her children.—They watched the baking of the cake before the fire, and awaited the roasting of the potatoes in the ashes with strong interest.—Nannie asked a great many questions of her brother, and John was ready to answer them.

'Did the little girl look like me Johnny?' asked his sister.

'Oh, no, prettier than you, Nannie; and besides, she had a whole gown on; but,' he added, 'I don't think I should love her any better than you.'

We are poor, Johnny,' replied the child, with great simplicity.

The baby still lay in the cradle, occasionally manifesting symptoms of uneasiness; but as he did not cry, the mother concluded to finish all she had to do about the house, and then take him up.

There was one draw back to their comfort, and it was a very great one: the constant fear of their father's return. The children frequently were obliged to hide themselves from his unprovoked cruelty, when he came home, while they listened in agony to the torrent of oaths and abuse which he poured upon their mother. Who are greater sufferers than the children of a drunken parent?

It so happened that Mrs Smith had occasion to send her son up into the loft. While there, he thought he would just feel of his remaining pumpkins, and see if they were in danger from the frost that night. What was his dismay to find them gone! Johnny could hardly believe his own eyes.

He ran to his mother, and, telling her his loss, exclaimed, 'Father has taken them; he has, mother, I know he has.'

'Why did you not tell us your father had been home, Nannie?' asked Mrs Smith, at the same time smoothing the hair on Johnny's head. It was the hardest thing he had yet to bear, and hiding his face in the skirts of his mother's gown, he sobbed aloud.

'Because I did not know it, mother, replied little Nannie, trembling.

'Have you been out, Nannie, and left the baby alone?' inquired the mother seriously.

The little girl's lip quivered, and she could hardly restrain her tears, as she declared that when she was tired of rocking the baby and tired of looking out of the window, expecting to see them return, and having no one to speak to, she just laid her head on the bed a minute, and went to sleep. In this state, her mother had found her, and how could she blame the little watcher for burying cold and hunger, and weariness, in the calm of sleep.

'Oh, mother,' exclaimed John, 'I did not raise them for the purpose of giving father the means of getting rum. Oh, mother, is it not too bad?'

Yes, it was too bad. Mr Smith had come in the afternoon, angry at being refused credit for a pint of liquor. He declared he would have it. His wife and John were both absent, and Nannie was asleep. The pumpkins came into his mind, for he accidentally discovered the place of their deposit, a few days before. How lost to every better feeling must this husband and father be, who, with eager delight, could steal the well earned produce of his little son, to exchange for a glass of rum!

It was a November evening; the full moon waded through waves of dark clouds that were driving heavily before a cold northeast wind; every now and then the snow came whirling and eddying along, bewildering the midnight traveller, and making promise of the approach of winter. The hard ground and the dead grass, a few hours before, showed that severe frosts had already set in, and that few, if any, warm days, could be expected to aid those who had not already made preparations for the approach of cold weather. As it grew later, the bright lights, which had been streaming from one window and another, gradually disappeared throughout the town. Every house became as the grave, and every living creature seemed to be at rest. Not a suspicious growl or a distant barking, blended with the whistlings of the wind. There are few occasions when thankfulness rises more spontaneously in the heart, than when contrasting the comforts of a warm fire-side, or a comfortable bed, with the wildness of a winter's night; and how seldom do we offer a prayer for those who are abroad, houseless and homeless wanderers. In the outskirts of the town, on a stony rising of land, stood a house, where a light was still shining amid the gloom. The house has but one story, and is not pretty enough to be called a cottage; it is old, and in many places the shingles are falling off; several panes of glass are broken, and the wind has gained free admittance in spite of the tattered clothes that are stuffed in the openings.

A dwelling so cheerless without; can it be comfortable within? There is no where to be seen the nicely split wood piled up, all dried for winter service. An axe is lying near the door step, beside a green log of wood, and there is a want of thrift apparent, which bespeaks something wrong. The light still burns; beside it sits a mother, watching her sick baby. That little room contains all that she holds dear. In a trundle-bed are seen two children in a profound sleep; a few embers are dying on the hearth, on a little table in the corner, are a few fragments of supper, as they were left by the greedy children. The furniture of the room seemed the scanty remnants of better days; but what remained, showed marks of rough treatment. The scanty crockery on the dressers, was broken; in a word, it was the house of a drunkard, the home of Mr Smith and his family.

Mrs Smith held her baby in her arms.—From its deep sleep in the afternoon, it had now fully awakened. Towards the close of the evening, after John and Nannie had gone to sleep, as she drew down the quilt from its face, and held the candle near the cradle, to watch its paleness more closely, she was struck with its altered appearance. There was a convulsive movement of its hands and feet. Mrs Smith took Jemmy from the cradle, and hastened to rub his little limbs with flannel and vinegar. The child's head lay back heavily on her arm; his eyes were half open, but no ray of intelligence beamed from their blue depth. The alarmed mother endeavored to arouse him. Alas, it was beyond her power. She gave him some milk and medicine; he swallowed it; she clasped him frantically to her arms, and wept over him, calling, 'Jemmy! Jemmy!' But Jemmy could never again smile at his mother's voice. Mrs Smith sat in mute despair.—Her babe's feet grew cold, but neither fire or flannel could warm them. The baby was dying. She ran to the window, but there was no help near. She looked upon her children—why disturb them? In an agony of desolation and grief, she laid her child upon her lap, and watched its last breath. It grew cold in her arms; she pressed her lips to its cheek, and long after it had ceased to live, she clasped it closer and closer to her bosom. She heeded not an unsteady step that approached the door. But the stillness of the hour was disturbed by the entrance of the husband and father. It was some time before his unsteady hand could find the latch and he staggered into the room.

'What are you up now for,' said he, 'burning out fire and candles? Always extravagant—go to bed.

She neither moved or stirred. The stricken mother was scarcely conscious of his presence.

'I say,' reiterated Mr Smith, in imperfect sentences, 'go to bed. What are you keeping that child up at this time of night for?—I shan't go to bed, and leave you here. Go to bed,' he shouted, and attempted to approach his sorrowing wife, but he fell on the floor, and overturned the little stand which held the lamp over a bottle of medicine. The light was extinguished, and the bottle broken.

'Jemmie is dead!' said the wife, in a slow agonized tone. 'Jemmie is dead. One, two, three of our children have died, and they all will die. But what will you care for that? I wish *I* was dead,' sobbed the woman passionately.

'Remember *us*, mother,' said little Nannie, from the trundle-bed, 'if you die, we shall die too.'

'Hush, Nannie; go to sleep, child.' Nannie was only half awake when her mother spoke to her, and clasping John close around the neck, she again went to sleep.

Dead! dead! all dead!' exclaimed Smith as he lay extended upon the floor. He was bewildered, and repeated again and again, 'Dead, dead!' until his deep breathing showed that he was asleep in the presence of his heart-stricken wife and dead child.

—

The little girl who had so kindly befriended John Smith, and by whose mother's fire he had warmed himself, and of whose mother's bread he had eaten, was named Mary Bates. When Mary's father returned home, she sat upon his knee, and with her little arms around his neck, told him about the poor ragged boy, who had cried upon the steps. Oh, father, I am going to see his little brother, who is sick; and mother says I may carry up some of my clothes, and some broth.'

'And what shall I do, Mary,' asked her father.

'Oh, father, I was just going to tell you. You must try to make John's father leave off drinking rum. As soon as you get up to-morrow morning, you ought to go and carry him the temperance pledge to sign.' She looked full in her father's face, as she solemnly and earnestly repeated her remark—'Oh, father can't you do this to-night?'

'No, my dear, it is too stormy; to-morrow will do quite as well.'

'The first thing, father, I hope,' said Mary.

The next morning, early, Mary reminded him of his promise. Mr Bates wanted some jobs done in his yard, and he was very glad to take this opportunity, not only of gratifying his little daughter, but, at least, of trying to rescue a man from utter ruin. He proceeded to a little workshop, where he knew Smith occasionally was to be found.—In trying to open the door, which was held by a slight fastening, he heard a deep groan. The door at length yielded to his attempts; and entering the shop, he saw the unhappy man sitting on a stool, his elbows resting on his knees, and his head bowed down, buried in his hands. A few tools were lying around in different directions, some rusty, some broken, bearing the marks of being seldom used, and quite unfit for an industrious mechanic.

'Good morning, Mr Smith,' said Mr Bates, in a cheerful tone.

The man made no reply.

'I want a few jobs done, in your way, Mr Smith. Don't you want some work?' continued Mr Bates.

'No,' said Smith.

'Oh yes you do; Thanksgiving is coming; you want to earn something for Thanksgiving, surely.'

'Don't talk to me,' exclaimed Smith, roughly; I don't want work; I can't work.' His trembling head and unsteady hands showed how dreadfully he had unfitted himself for employment. He raised his blood shot eyes towards Mr Bates, and then looking down again, said, as if talking to himself, 'Jemmie is dead—Jemmie is dead. I can never see him again; but he is taken from trouble. My good wife! poor woman!' and the tears rolled from his eyes.

Mr Bates's heart was touched. 'Come, Mr Smith, you have met with trouble, but bear it like a man and a Christian.

'I am neither a man nor a Christian,' replied the unhappy being, interrupting him; 'I am miserable—good for nothing. Oh, I am killed by rum—rum—and I must have some rum.' He attempted to rise, but sat down again.

'Mr Smith,' said Mr Bates, 'I have come to see you this morning, to help you, to give you work, and to supply your wants; I am your friend, and will readily assist yourself and family, on *one* condition.

The poor man looked up surprised and incredulous. 'What is it?' he at length asked. 'Assist *me*? What for? I have no friends.'

'Yes, I am disposed to help you as much as I can, if you will accept my condition. Perhaps it is not an easy one. I want you to sign the Temperance Pledge, and to sign it *now*.'

There was a pause of some moments.

Mr Bates sat down beside the miserable victim of intemperance, and with true interest, did not leave him until he learned the sad destitution and affliction of his family, and had inspired him with hope that something could yet be done for their relief.

Mr Bates went out, and returned in a few moments with the Temperance Pledge. He slowly and distinctly read it aloud.

'I'll try, and may the Almighty help me, exclaimed Smith. 'Total abstinence—yes—total. I have longed to leave off drinking, but could never do it—total abstinence. Now I *will* do it!'

Mr Smith took the pen in his trembling hand, and wrote, but in scarcely legible letters, *his own name*. 'I've done it, he exclaimed, exultingly, as he drew a long breath. Mr Bates folded up the paper. 'Why did you come to me?' asked the poor inebriate. 'You have given the first kind words I've had for months. I am insulted, and laughed at, and trampled upon. But God sent you here.'

When Mr Bates related the story of Mary's interview with John, the humbled and heart-stricken father wept aloud.

'John is always trying to do something for his mother and sister; he has done what I have neglected to do,' he added in broken words. 'He is a blessing to his mother. Yes those pumpkins were of his own raising—and I—I stole them for rum!'

Mr Smith, since that moment, has been a different man. He often says, 'God sent him "*the Total Abstinence Pledge*," and what is more, a kind friend to induce him to sign it. And Johnny often declares that, whatever his trials may be, he shall never be discouraged again; for it was the luckiest thing, after all, that those people to whom he applied, did not buy his pumpkin—for if they had, Mary Bates would not have called him in.

TOWNSEND FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Fall Term of this institution will commence on Wednesday August 18th and continue 13 weeks.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a good English education, and for those who desire it, the Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing, Painting, Instrumental Music, &c.

Special attention is given to instruction in Vocal Music by an able and experienced teacher, without extra charge.

The able Board of Instruction will continue. Lectures upon all subjects of importance to any class of young ladies will be given through the term.

Pupils are requested to make early applications for board, and to be present on the first day of the term to facilitate the formation of classes.

Board, including washing, can be obtained in private families in the immediate vicinity at $1 50 per week.

The Trustees and friends of this institution aim to render it in every respect, a school of the first order and a delightful resort for young ladies who wish to receive a thorough and finished education.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. G. STICKNEY, *Sec'y.*

Townsend Aug. 4, 1841

References.—Rev. David Palmer, Rev. C. W. Redding, F. A Worcester, Esq., Townsend; Rev. Dr Sharp, Rev. R. H. Neale, Rev. Wm. Hague, S. G. Shipley Esq., Wm Beals Esq., Dr A. A. Gould, Boston; Rev. Thomas Whittemore, Cambridge; Caleb Parker Esq. Rev. E. Thresher, Roxbury; Rev. Mr Waters, Sterling; Rev. L. Porter, Lowell; S. G. Carter Esq. Lancaster; Stephen Peabody Esq., Amherst, N. H.

NEW BOOK, by Washington Allston—Monaldi; a tale, 1vol—this day published by
n6 LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington st

JAMES MUNROE & CO.
IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH BOOKS,
134 Washington street.
All orders for English Books promptly executed.
feb 6 istf

WRIGHT'S LA FONTAINE.—This day published by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st., the Fables of La Fontaine, illustrated by J J Grandville, translated from the French, by Elizur Wright, Jr, in 2 royal octavo volumes, with nearly 400 illustrations, in rich binding.

'We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the most splendid work ever produced in this country. The engravings are full of spirit and humor, and are alone well worth the price of the book.'—*Morning Post.*

The Amaranth, for 1841, the only religious annual published this season, with engravings elegantly bound—Milman's History of Christianity, with preface and notes by Dr Murdock, 1vol 8vo. o16

FLETCHER'S FAMILY DEVOTION—A guide to Family Devotion, containing a hymn, a portion of Scripture with reflections, and a prayer for the morning and evening of every day in the year, with an appendix of prayers and hymns on various subjects, by the Rev Alexander Fletcher, 1vol, 4to, with plates—for sale by
o30 LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington st

ONE HUNDRED PACKAGES
OF FRESH IMPORTED
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

ARE NOW OPENED and for sale, at wholesale and retail, by HENRY PETTES, 224 Washington, corner of Summer st., Boston. Consisting in part of the following elegant and useful articles for ladies Dresses, Cloaks and Pelisses.

Five cases of superior Silks, measuring one yard wide. The most beautiful and durable article of Silks ever imported; the price lower in proportion than for any Narrow Goods.

Five cases extra rich Blue Black Silks, warranted not to spot with acids.

Two cases very heavy, yard wide undressed Cloak Satins.

Ten cases of very rare styles, soft Cashmere Wool Mouslin de Laines, every variety of pattern and colors.

Goods for Cloaks—Cases of Alpacca Cloths, Thibet Cloths, Irish Poplins, Balsorines, Silks, Satins, and other elegant articles, manufactured expressly for ladies Cloaks, being the largest assortment of these articles ever offered at retail in this city.

Cases of new styles Fast Colored Chinie French Prints.

One hundred pieces excellent quality of high colored Balsora Plaids, for Children's Winter Dresses.

Black Bombazines, and all other mourning articles.—Paris embroidered Capes and Collars.

New styles of French Cashmere Shawls, of the most Fashionable Patterns and Colors. Rich dark Silk and Satin Shawls.

Moscow, Kalyle, Balsora, Plaid, and other new styles of all Wool Travelling Shawls. This assortment of Shawls has been selected with great care, and will give perfect satisfaction, in style and price, to all who may examine them.

100 dozen ladies goat skin Gloves, with sizes marked, a very superior article.

A large portion of these Goods were manufactured to order, and are entirely different from those for sale in other stores. The latest manufactures of France received by every Havre Packet.

☞ H. P. invites the particular attention of purchasers to this extensive stock of Goods, which is equal, if not superior, to any in the city, and will be sold at the lowest prices. tf o2

AMERICAN ALMANAC and Repository of Useful Knowledge, &c. for 1842. Just published, for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114, Washington street.
nov 27

DANVERS & SALEM FAMILY SCHOOL.
To parents and Guardians.

MISS HARDING, daughter of the Rev. M Harding, late of Stow, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has taken a commodious House in Boston-St. in Danvers, near Salem, lately occupied by Caleb Smith, Esq. The house is located in a pleasant and healthy spot; where she intends to receive a LIMITED number of YOUNG LADIES for the purpose of instructing them in the various branches, constituting a useful and accomplished female education.

Solicitous to aid in the gradual development of the moral, intellectual and physical powers of her pupils, she wishes to take none as members of her family under FIVE, nor above TEN years of age. By adopting this rule, she hopes those entrusted to her charge will continue with her, till they shall have completed their education. And, as her Mother purposes to superintend the domestic department, parents and guardians may rest assured that the children will have a comfortable home. The academical year will commence on the 6th of September, to consist of 42 weeks, divided into four quarters, two of 10 and two of 11 weeks each. There will be only two vacations in the year, 4 weeks in the winter, and 6 in the summer. A quarter's notice will be expected, previous to the removal of a scholar, whether DAY or BOARDER, and a quarter to be paid always in advance. If desired, the children may continue in the family during vacations, their parents, or guardians allowing a reasonable compensation.

Miss Harding has permission to refer to the following gentlemen:—Rev. Henry Ware, jr. D. D. Cambridge, Rev. F. Parkman, D.D. and Rev. E. S. Gannett, Boston, Rev. Dr. Brazer and Rev. Chas. Upham, Salem.

TERMS.—For the usual branches of a thorough English education, including plain and ornamental needlework, board, washing, &c. under 8 years of age, $125 per year.

Above 8 years,	150
Weekly boarders,	100
Music on the Piano Forte with thorough bass and use of the Instrument,	$10 per quar.
French,	5 " "
Drawing,	4 " "
Day Scholars,	5 " "

Dancing and other branches at the price of the respective Masters. aug 21

NORTHFIELD ACADEMY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. FOR SALE. The Subscriber, wishing a change of employment, offers for sale this establishment, consisting of a boarding house with school-rooms adjacent, and about 6 1 2 acres of land in a high state of cultivation. The main building is 50 feet by 40, three stories high, with piazza and gallery on three sides, and is one of the most elegant edifices in this part of the State. For particulars apply to Wm. Pomroy Esq. of Cambridge or to the subscriber on the premises.

PHINEAS ALLEN.

☞ If not wanted for a school it is the best site for a public house in the town. The school will be continued till a sale is effected.

Northfield, Mass., Oct. 1841. 4w oct 9

WESTERN MESSENGER—Subscribers to this periodical are informed that they will find their accounts at the store of Miss E. P. PEABODY, 109 Washington street, where they are respectfully requested to call and settle the same. n13

SELF FORMATION, in Press, or the history of an Individual Mind, intended as a guide for the intellect through difficulties to success, by a fellow of a College—in Press, and will shortly be published, by
n13 J. MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington st

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND; containing a treatise on practical seamanship, with plates; a dictionary of Sea Terms; customs and usages of the Merchant service; laws relating to the practical duties of Master and Mariners, by R. H. Dana, Jr., Author of 'Two Years before the Mast,' 1 vol. This day published by LITTLE & BROWN, 112, Washington st. oct 16

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO GENTLEMEN WHO WISH TO PURCHASE GOOD AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING CHEAP.

THE Subscriber wishing to confine himself to a cash business as far as practicable, will make every exertion possible to please that desirable class of customers who promptly pay their bills, both as regards price and every other consideration. Having secured the services of one of the best Pantaloon Cutters in the country, he can confidently warrant a good fit in that most difficult part of the business. He has just received a large assortment of new and fashionable goods, which he would request those in want of good clothing at a low price to call and examine, at L. A. HUNTINGTON'S,
o16—6m 76 Washington street, up stairs.

CROSBY & CO'S. New Annuals for 1842—All elegantly bound in the neatest style, and embellished with engravings.

The Ladies Annual Register, and Housewife's Almanac, comprising an almanac, numerous receipts, directions for gardening, and much other useful information.

The Youth's Keepsake, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for young people. The Annaleize, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for children. The Child's Token, a gift for children—published by WM CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o23

COL. J. TRUMBULL'S Reminiscences of his Own Times—Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters of John Trumbull, from 1756 to 1841, 1vol, 8vo—this day received by LITTLE & BROWN,
o23 112 Washington st

CUBI'S SPANISH GRAMMAR.—A new Spanish Grammar, adapted to every class of learners, by Mariano Cubi J. Soler, Professor of modern languages in the College of Louisiana, 6th edition, with corrections—this day received by J MUNROE & CO,
o16 134 Washington st

REV. DR. CHANNING'S WORKS.—Just published, in five beautiful volumes, at the very low price of one dollar per volume, the first American edition of Dr Channing's works, with an introduction by the author. The proprietor of the above has spared no pains or expense in the paper and mechanical execution of the work, and has fixed the price so low as to place it within the means of almost every one who may wish to possess it. For sale wholesale and retail, by G. G. CHANNING, at his office No. 40 State street, over the Union Bank. s25

LIFE OF REV. S. H. STEARNS, late Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston—second edition, with additional letters, 1vol, 12mo, cloth.

'Most of the matter is drawn from the letters and journals of Mr Stearns. We have seldom seen better specimens of the epistolary style, even taking into account the letters of the immortal Cowper.'—*Boston Courier.*

The balance of the edition for sale by
o6 TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st

FRENCH SHOES! FRENCH SHOES—Just received by the subscriber, a splendid assortment of French Shoes direct from the manufacturer. For sale at the lowest market price, at THEO. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington st., opposite the old South Church. o6

A LADY having a knowledge of the higher and elementary branches of an English education—also, having had several years successful experience in teaching, would like to take charge of a Seminary of young ladies, or assist in an Academy. For references apply MOSES WHITING, No 2 Water st. 3t o30

BURNAP'S LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN—Lectures to young men, on the cultivation of the Mind, the formation of character and the conduct of life, delivered in Masonic Hall, Baltimore, second edition, revised and enlarged, by George W. Burnap, author of lectures on the sphere and duties of women—this day published by J MUNROE & CO,
o30 134 Washington st

TWO VOLUMES PUBLISHED!

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE. Price only $2 per volume—a beautiful holiday present—cheapest and best work for the price ever published, four hundred pages 8vo—fine paper, handsomely bound, containing two hundred Pictorial illustrations of the Scriptures, consisting of views in the Holy Land—published by SAXTON & PEIRCE,
s23 133 1-2 Washington st.

HILLAWAY'S LATIN CLASSICS.—Cicero De Senectute et De Amicitia, with English Notes; Cicero De Officiis, with English Notes; Cicero De Oratore, do do do, 2 vols; Terence, do do do; Tacitus, do do do—others in press.

Bloomfield's Greek Testament, with English Notes.—This work has been adopted as the text book in the first Universities in this country, by clergymen and students of different denominations generally; 2 vols, 8vo, cloth. Published and for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET,
s6 114 Washington st

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
BY DAVID REED,
At 19 Water Street, Boston.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars*, payable in six months, or *Two dollars and fifty cents*, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscription discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

All communications, as well as letters of business, relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.